Miscellaneous

A TRAGIC RAVANA

I

I have often pitied poor Ravana. His is no doubt a cursed name—*Loka-kantaka,* Scourge of the world—handed down the ages, branded—and who knows, wounded, none so human as to waste some sympathy on the Demon-Monster. Rishi and poet, Pouranik and dramatist, the Saint in the rapture of Bhakti and the Prakrit or vernacular minor or major versifier in ecstasy borne on the swelling tide of devotion, the Dasa who spins out his *Hari-katha,* and the village Bottom who roars you in Ercles' vein—all, all have conspired to stamp on the imagination of India a repulsive Ravana, the terrible Rakshasa, the mighty Asura, ten-headed monster, cruel Devil, incarnation of the wicked principle, enemy of Gods and men, harasser of saints and sages, destroyer of sacrifices, violater of women—all have but one name to give him "Ravana," thy name is Evil. It is all very edifying, impressive, sublime, undoubtedly. Black against white, evil against good, monstrosity against beauty, a simple law of contrast, the very trick of the early artist and primitive preacher of morals. Rama and Ravana! All is said. And now look on this picture! Charming boy, obedient son, loving brother, loyal husband, chivalrous prince, fearless warrior, merciful enemy, lover of truth, soul of sacrifice, beloved by subject, beloved by all—Ramachandra, Ramabhadra—perfect Man, nay, is he not perfect God? And between Rama and Ravana, Sita: to name her is to praise her, to call her blessed. Not in vain was Valmiki hailed Rishi, Adi Kavi, Holy Saint, Father of poets: and he wept for a shot bird! And in his wake, with whatever touches of individual genius, variety of incident or modification of character, not in vain, have followed Bhasa and Kalidasa, Bava-Bhuti and Tulsi Das. The typical contrast between God and Satan, Hero and villain must remain. To the devout and orthodox imagination, it is final—and the only excellent way for the artist.

And yet modern imagination feels that a different treatment is possible, perhaps better, more impressive, more appealing Versions of the Ramayana are legion: but they have been one sided, monotonous. And then, are there not some puerilities, folklore supernaturalisms, dogmatisms (save our soul!)—that Valmiki, to give great genius the benefit of reverence, could not avoid, because it was in the story? Or which others, less gifted and more 'pious; have foisted on him? And which, once *heard, remembered,* and *written,* no truly national poet could help carrying on? How it all grew, one cannot now know; the riddle of the Ramayana is still unsolved. Was it a harvest ritual of the Corn Spirit, some Indian Rape of Persephone? Was it a Nature-myth, conflict of Light and Darkness, Spring and winter and so forth? A nugget of poetic metaphor and twisted text, hammered into gold ornament by bards? Or hero-worship round the tomb of a great ancestor, defied and danced out? Was it something more mundane—a historic conflict of tribes, of creeds, of ambitions of passionate kings and priests—a Vasishtha and a Visvamitra, an Emperor of Lanka and an Aryan king with allies of Dravidian India? Buddhists have their Jataka story of the pious

prince who for truth's sake went into exile; Jains have their version of Sita and her brother Prabhamandala who loved her in ignorance, and repented on being enlightened and fought for her with Rama at Lanka; Western scholars have suspected the influence of Homer and his Helen of Troy, who launched a thousand ships and was well worth it. Allegorists have been busy, too. Rama is the Universal Soul, Sita was not stolen but her phantom (Helen, again), Ravana was a *tapasvi* encompassed by Maya, whose killing was *Brahmahatya,* sacrilege, and all was *Lila,* Diving sport; explaining away awkward human weaknesses and faults embedded in the Sacred Book. So many minds, influences, environments, at work on this world-great epic story!—all directed by one dominating—idea the ideal Rama and the Demon Ravana. Could not some independent poetic imagination look at it from some other point of view; remove the childish, clarify the beautiful, direct the sympathy; with more critical, psychological and balanced poetic vision? Cannot the Indian mind get out of the groove of Tulsi Das, for instance, whose Vedanta floods his poem with theological discourses and hymns to the Diety, whose Bhakti perverts so many natural incidents and human foibles as foreseen or put on or mere Maya, and compels even the Rakshasa heroes to cry ouyt 'Ram' as they die so that their soul may be absorbed in the Universal Principle? The Great Hindi poet has quite a book to spare to dilate on a Saint Crow, Kaka Bhusundi (not the Kakasura who worried Sita), who lives through the ages, eternally singing 'Ram,' 'Ram,' at whose feet even Siva and Garuda go to learn the Mahatmya of Rama! And he has no emotion, no imagination to spend on poor Ravana, 'filthy and sensual monster' as he dubs him. Verily, he has his reward. Splendid his Rama is, his Ravana *not* splendid, and children of poetry who are also children of pity can only turn away from him disappointed.

II

So, I come back to the feeling that poor Ravana is 'wronged'—aesthetically-as the fair Briton of Heine said of Shylock the Jew. Yes, Shakespeare. Have we not known, and enjoyed Shakespeare's broad humanity, his sanity, charity, impartiality, even his hedging and leaving things in the twilight—so unsatisfactory to the mere doctrinaire moralist, as the late Prof. Raleigh has declared? Shakespeare knows no black and white saints and devils: 'Life is a mingled yarn, good and ill together.' His Macbeth is a fiend, and an instrument of darkness, wading from blood to blood; yet he loves his wife, and a fair name, and longs for 'honour, love, troops of friends,' has no use for 'mouth-honour,' and vainglory. He agonises: Lost, no more sleep, 'I have sold mine eternal jewel to the common enemy of man!' Even puritanical Milton has sympathy and insight into Satan who, in spite of his pride and unconquerable will, remembers his life in heaven and pines for lost virtue, pities the poor victims, and his own misled, ruined followers. Haven't they said that Milton set out to justify God, and ended by making Satan his hero? Such a sympathetic treatment of the character or Ravana it is perhaps idle to expect in the ancient and the medieval Hindu atmosphere of India. From an independent and critical writer, however, such a thing was possible:

indeed it has been done. Not quite with the freedom of a Western poet, perhaps, yet sufficiently distinct to arrest the attention and to refresh the imagination of a reader who longs for a new, a tragic Ravana.

Let me present the writer: Nagachandra, commnely known as Abhinava Pampa, a Jaina poet who flourished in Mysore at the court of Vishnuvardhana, the great Hoysala, about 1,100 A.D. In his *Ramachandra -Charita-Purana,* generally called *Pampa Ramayana,* he has left the beaten track and as though he was in deliberate opposition to the Brahmin version, re-handled the character of the grate antagonist of Sri Rama in a more natural and sympathetic spirit. Being himself an Indian, he has not done his work in a spirit of daring and defiance; but it is enough: there is no mistaking the note of tragedy that he has struck. The passion and the crime are there: they are not minimized, but other things are there too: good qualities, a rich nature, nobility, aspiring, soul ruined by Fate and frailty, and death redeeming in its remorse and repentance.

Considering the weight of tradition, and the tastes of his audience, one may be permitted to wonder how he came to do it. He writes as if he were Ravana's court minstrel. Yet, he was a religious writer: anxious to extol Rama and hold up a model of piety and virtue, which also he has done, whole-heartedly. What led him—would it be impertinent to say, betrayed him—to do justice to Ravana also? Was it his independent Jaina point of view, or Jaina tradition preserving a human Ravana, not a mere hateful idea? Was it a desire to revise and correct Valmiki and his echoes, leaving God out of the picture and so the Devil, and insisting that destruction of sacrifices is not exactly a sin, and the man who did it had probably something in him? Was it a more refined, romantic and rational idea of the marvelous and the sublime, a taste that recoiled from cannibals, monkeys, mountain-bridges and burning tails? Or, a deeper grip on the art of preaching and illustrating the Law of Karma: in human environment, the characters, whatever supernatural powers they might acquire by Tapas, remaining actual men and women: and so appealing like humanity to us: making us feel "There but for the grace of God, go I' –or 'What he can, I can?' In conceiving Ravana, did Nagachandra think of some old Jaina shrine so beautifully carved out of soft marble with its noble spire,--and the little chance-sown seed, sprouting in the rainy season, pushing down its roots, and in the ripe hour, shattering the spire and the pendents and the friezes till the noble edifice is a heap of ruins, wherein the serpents come and dwell? Perhaps he had a sense of history: living at the court of a great king, he knew of alliances and conflicts and could get a real historical background for his epic war. It is even probable he had some personal experience, or some contemporary social scandal and calamity to set him on the right track and give him the key. So his poetic eye was purged of convention and dogma and the hard, cold, age-hewn rock of colossal Ravana put on flesh and flushed with warm blood, breathing. And so has Abhinava Pampa, one of our great poets in Kannada, given us a new romantic Ravana to contemplate, as a relief from the mechanical classical type.

III

In disengaging the character of Ravana as Nagachandra has conceived it, from the vast mass of jaina incidents and ideas, Episodes, pseudo-historical details, and constant variations or modifications of Valmiki Ramayana, I shall try to set forth in clear relief only two things. First, the historical background, against which is set the great king of Lanka, with his heroic and softer qualities that won for him the respect and awe of men, And second, the one grand passion of his life, which he pursued in the blind security of supreme power, heedless of counsel, indeed made obstinate and reckless by advice, tortured by shame, and miserable, until his eyes were opened to the grandeur of a true woman's love and the degradation and folly of his own sin; but his pride would not let him recant and submit, so he drove on to his doom. From the poem itself, I shall quote enough to support the view I have taken; also because I wish the reader to feel for himself the grace, the lucidity and the weight of the style of Nagachandra, whom I have loved now for over twenty years.

As the poet sees it, far away in the North is Ayodhya or Kosala ruled by kings of the Solar race, one of whom, Anaranya hears of Ravana's conquest of Mahismati and abdicates in favour of Dasaratha a month's child. And in Videha or Mithila reigns King Janaka. There was a prophecy that Ravana would die of Dasaratha's issue on account of Janaka's daughter, and Vibhishana (the Vishnu Bhakta of Valmiki) sends murderers to make things safe. Narada warns the two kings, who escape by leaving painted images behind, which are duly beheaded! So early in the poem is the main motive, the Fate of Ravana announced. This is the prophecy:

ಏನುಂ ತೊದಳಿಲ್ಲಿದುವೆ ಶಿ
ಲಾನಿಕ್ಷಿಪ್ತಾಕ್ಷರಂ, ವಿಭಿಷಣ, ರಣದೊಳ್
ಜಾನಕಿಯ ದೂಸಜೆಂ ಲಂ
ಕಾನಾಥಂ ದಾಶರಥಿಯ ಕೈಯೊಳ್ ಮಡಿಗುಂ (೩–೨೩)

On which Vaibhishana argues—

ಕಾರಣ ವಿಘಟನಮೆ ಕಾರ್ಯವಿಘಟನಮಲ್ತೇ? (೩–೨೪)

'Remove the cause and you remove the effect.' And the poet coments, grimly:

ಕೊಲಲಾರ್ಪರೆ ಸಾಯದರಂ!
ಲಲಾಟದೊಳ್ ವಿಧಿಯ ಬರೆದ ಲಿಪಿ ಜಲಲಿಪಿಯೆ? (೩–೩೧)

'Who can kill those who are not to die?
Is the writing of Fate on the forehead written in water?'

In Middle India is Ratha-Nupura-Chakravala, capital of the Vidyadhara or Khechara kings (who by their magical powers could fly in the air). Indra, its monarch is ousted by Ravana from overlordship of the South. Prabhamandala, Sita's brother, who later joins Rama's army against Ravana is an adopted heir of the Vidyadhara king.

Lower down, we come to Kishkindha and in the ocean lies Lanka. Bhima Rakshasa of Lanka adopts Toyadavahana of Rathanupura and from him proceeds the Rakshasa Vamsa (Here is a reminiscene of colonization from North). The Kishkindha princes are Vanara Vamsa, because they have a monkey flag (X. 117 Prose) like the Kadamba kings of Banavasi. Marriage alliances and complicate wars confuse the previous history narrated of these three dynasties of Kings—those of Ratha Nupura, Kishkindha and Lanka. Ravana, for instance subdues Indra and sets up Sugriva's father on the throne of Kishkindha, who abdicates in favour of his eldest son Vali. Rvana desires the hand of Sri Prabbhe, Vali's sister. Vali is spiritually minded and dislikes Ravana's airs—an upstart 'Kaiser.' He becomes a samnyasi and leaves it to Sugriva to give away the bride. Ravana, says Vali, is ಮದಾಂಧಂ ಉದ್ಧತಂ, insolent and proud; I cannot give him my sister; if I fight, people will say I have broken the old alliance between the two Houses:

ಅದಜಿಂದಾತಂಗಾನೀ
ಯದೆ ಕೂಸಂ, ಕಾಳೆಗಕ್ಕೆ ಮೆಯ್ದರೆ ಪಲಕಾ
ಲದ ರಾಕ್ಷಸ ವಾನರ ವಂ
ಶದ ನಣ್ಪೆನ್ನಿಂದಮಟಿದುದೆಂಬುದು ಲೋಕಂ (೧೦–೧೨)

Other princes subordinate an dallied to Ravana are: Khara of Patala Lanka, who has married Ravana's sister Chandranakhi (notice the softening of the name Surpanakhi) and is, so to say, Viceroy of the Frontier Province; it is by conflict with him in the outposts of the Empire that was is kindled between Rama and Ravana. And Hanuman, prince of Hanuvara Dvipa, who is married to Sugriva's cousin and Ravana's niece and has been given a separate kingdom in addition as sowry. There is an air of verisimilitude in this fictitious account of the subject kings of Ravana's Empire.

A full account of Ravana himself and his prowess is given by Sugriva's old mentor Jambunada to Ravana and Lakshmana (Canto X). He is born in exile; his face is reflected in a nine faced jewel, an heirloom of the Rakshasa family coming down from Bhima the progenitor, and so he is called Dasamukha (again, a refinement on the ten heads and twenty arms!). His brothers are Bhanukarna and Vibhishana. They will practice Tapas, acquire celestial swords and miraculous powers by 'Vidyas', and recover Lanka from Vaisravana, who flies to Indra. Ravana marries Mandodari and crosses the border like Alexander and Caesar after him, (and Fair Lesley in Burns's poem) 'to spread his conquests further.' We have seen already his dealings with Indra and Sugriva and others. He defeats Yama, Varuna, Nalakubara, and Sahasrabahu (in valmiki this is Kartaviryarjuna who is the victor not the vanquished. Does not Pampa also save his hero from dangling in the arm-pits of Vali like a poor worm?) On his way back Vimana stops over the hill of Vali's penance, and here (as in Valmiki's account of lifting Siva's Kailasa) Dasamukha gets his name Ravana. He returns to his island home, having built up an Empire south of the Vindhyas, much like the British, by alliances, victories, restorations, and wise and firm handling, and generous dealing,

when generosity pays, and a certain integrity of character which cannot but command respect and sympathy. He is a Khechara and a Vidyadhara (flier in the air and master of magical arts and weapons—in 20th century parlance, had airships and poison gases and sundry other scientific inventions); a Jina Bhakta, with fine Santisvara temple in his capital and many Chalityas all over his kinkdom: in short he is 'Dakshina Bharatha Chakravarti' Emperor of Southern India and well deserves the enthusiasm of Jambunada, who warns Lakshamana that Ravana is not to be provoked with a light heart: (X. 221-231)

ಕದನ ಕ್ಷೋಣಿಯೊಳೋಡಿದರ್ ಮಡಿದರೆಂಬೀ ವಾರ್ತೆಯಂ ಕಂಡರೆಂ
ದುದನೇಗೊಂಡರಿಳೇಶರೆಂಬ ನುಡಿಯಂ ಭೂಭಾಗದೊಳ್ ಕೇಳಲಾ
ದುದು ಗೆಲ್ದರ್ ಸರಿಗಾದಿದರ್ ಪಗೆವರೆಂಬೀ ವಾರ್ತೆಯಂ ಕೇಳಲಾ
ಗದವಂ ವರ್ತಿಸಿದಿಂ ಬಟಿಕ್ಕೆನೆ ಜಗದ್ವಿದ್ರಾವಣಂ ರಾವಣಂ (೧೦–೨೨೬)

'Since Ravana came, we have heard that on the battle-field kings have died or run away or bowed to his wishes; never have we heard that the foes won or were even well matched: the Terror of the World is Ravana.'

But an old prophecy crops up again: Jambunada has heard that whoever lifts Siddha Saila will kill Ravana (one thinks of Biranamwood and high Dunsinnane Hill). Lakshmana retorts: 'That he is a hero is proved by his theft of Sita: Weigh Rama and him with your eyes when they are locked in fair fight.'—

...ರಾಮರಾವಣರ ಬಲ್ಪುಂ ಮೆಲ್ಪುಮಂ ಕಾಣಲ
ಪ್ಪುದು ಘಟ್ಪೊತ್ತಿಜಿವಲ್ಲಿ ದಿಟ್ಟಿದೊಲೆಯಿಂ ತೂಗಿಂ ರಣಕ್ಷೋಣಿಯೊಳ್ (೧೦–೨೩೨)

And he lifts up Siddha Saila!

So much for the great Emperor and the Doom, awaiting. Two episodes may now be adduced to illustrate Ravana's kingly clemency and what is most important in view of his great fall, his purity.

When Indra and Sahasrabahu are captured, their parents come and beg, and Ravana releases and reinstates them on their thrones. He says to Varuna:

ಕಲಿ ಸಾವಂ, ಪಿಡಿವಡೆವಂ
ಕಲಹದೊಳಿದು ಭಂಗಮಲ್ತು; ನೀಂ ಮುನ್ನಿನವೋಲ್
ನೆಲಸಿರ್ಪುದು ನಿಜರಾಜ್ಯದೊ
ಳೊಲವಿಂದೆಂದೊಸೆದು ವರುಣನಂ ಮನ್ನಿಸಿದಂ (೧೦–೨೨೦)

'A brave man dies or is taken prisoner in battle; that is no disgrace; be a friend and rule as before in your kingdom; thus, graciously he honoured Varuna'

For this, of course, as in similar cases, from Chandragupta Maurya onwards (and backwards too he receives Varuna's daughter in marriage. That takes me to

Ravana;'s attitude to women. He married as number of them but so does Rama too. I have not counted, but I am afraid it is a very large number; but then, ಬಹುವಲ್ಲಭಾ ರಾಜಾನಃ ಶ್ರೂಯಂತೇ. Early in life, however, he was vowed to 'chastity', by his Guru (IX. 114 and 149) and he has kept the vow faithfully. The poet enforces this by his rejection of Upa Rambhe, wife of Nalakubara (X. 187-196). This is one of those reversals of Valmiki in which our author delights. In Valmiki, Ravana violates Rambhe, wife of Nalakubara, his brother's son. Here, Upa Rambhe, who has heard of Ravana and has long felt a passion for him, sends her maid to him, offering to let him know the secrets of the fortress, if he will return her love. Ravana recoils, but Vibhishana (no piety puppet) counsels a ruse. So she is sent for, betrays the secret, and is then persuaded to be loyal to her husband. I must give the Kannada of this:

ದಶಾನನಂ ಪಟಿಯುಂ ಪಾಪಮುಮಪ್ಪ ದುಶ್ಚರಿತ್ರಮನೇವೆನೆಂದು ನಿಶ್ಚಯಿಸಿ ವಿಭೀಷಣಂಗಟೆಪುವುದುಂ, ಆತಂ ವಿದ್ಯಾಪ್ರಾಕಾರಮಂ ಕಿಡಿಸುವಂತುಟಂ ಪ್ರತಿವಿದ್ಯೆಯಿನಾಕೆಯಂ ಬರಿಸಿ ಪುಸಿದು ನಂಬಿಸಿ ಕಲ್ತುಕೊಳ್ವುದೆನೆ, ರಾವಣಂ ಆಕೆಯಂ ತಾಯೆಂದು ವಕ್ರೋಕ್ತಿಯಿಂ ನುಡಿವುದುಂ...

(೧೦-೧೯೨ವ.)

'Dasanana would have none of the infamy and sin and wicked conduce; but Vibhishana thought that she might be given a false promise and the counter-charm to destroy the charmed walls might be learnt from her. So Ravana said in a double sense by a pun on words: Bring her or she is my mother.'

And when the fort and the king are taken,

ರಾವಣಂ ರಹಸ್ಯದಿಂದಾಕೆಯಂ ಕರೆದು, 'ನೀಂ ವಿಶುದ್ಧಕುಲದ ಕುಶಧ್ವಜಂಗಂ ಮಧುಕಾಂತೆಗಂ ಪುಟ್ಟಿದುದಱಿಂ ನಿಜಕುಲಾಚಾರಮಂ ಬಗೆದು ಶೀಲಪರಿಪಾಲನಂ ಮಾಳ್ಪುದು, ಅಂತಲ್ಲದೆಯುಂ ನೀನೆನಗೆ ವಿದ್ಯೋಪದೇಶಂಗೆಯ್ದುದಱಿಂ ಗುರುವಾದೆ; ಪೆಱತೇನುಮಂ ಬಗೆಯದೆ ನಳಕೂಬರನೊಳ್ ಕೂಡಿ ಸುಖಮಿರು', ಎಂದು ಆಕೆಯ ದುಷ್ಪರಿಣಾಮಮಂ ಪತ್ತುವಿಡಿಸಿ—

ನಳಕೂಬರನುಮನಾಕ್ಷಣ
ದೊಳೆ ಬರಿಸಿ ನಿಜಾಗ್ರತನಯನಿಂದಗಿಯಿಂದ
ಗ್ಗಳಮೆನೆ ಮನ್ನಿಸಿ ಭಯಮಂ
ಕಳೆದಿತ್ತಂ ಭೃತ್ಯಪದವಿಯಂ ದಶವದನಂ (೧೦-೧೯೫ವ.,೯೬)

'Ravana *in private* sent for her and said—you are of a noble family; remember your father and mother; keep pure your character; besides, you have taught me an art and so you are my teacher; don't think of other things, but be loyal to Nalakubara and live happy. Having thus saved her from her infatuation, he immediately sent for Nalakubara and treating him with greater regard than his own eldest son Indagi he calmed his fears and made him a vassal king under his suzerainty.'

Truly, a self-disciplined and magnanimous king of men, this all-powerful Emperor!

IV

‘But oh, vain boast! Who can control his fate?’ –Was he not to die because of Janaki at the hand of Dasarathi (Lakshmana in this poem, not Rama not a happy change this, but probably due to Jaina tradition). Karma was all this while pushing Rama, Lakshmana, Sita, nearer and nearer Ravana and weaving its web round them. One day, tidings arrive from his brother-in law Khara that Rama and Lakshmana have killed his innocent son Shambhuka who was performing Tapas, and thereupon insulted his wife and Ravana’s sister, and on a skirmish ensuing, Khara finds them too strong and prays for aid from his royal master.

So the fire is kindled—that is to burn Ravana, the fire of passion, the fire of sin—Death. He rises from his throne—ಕದನಮದೋದ್ಧತಂ, ದುರ್ಜಯಂ, ಅಸ್ತಮಿತ ಪುಣ್ಯದಶಾನನನಾದಶಾನನಂ (IX, 72-73), ‘drunk with the lust of war, invincible,--the star of his good fortune, and salvation, set !’ ಸಂವರ್ತಸಮಯದ ಸಮುದ್ರದಂತೆ ಕದಡಿ (IX. 71) ‘tossed and stirred like the sea on the Day of Doom!’

In his Pushpaka Vimana, he flies to Dandakaranya, and sees Sita, his fate.

ಬಲೆ ದೃಷ್ಟಿಗೆ ವಜ್ರದ ಸಂ
ಕಲೆ ಹೃದಯಕ್ಕೆನಿಪ ರೂಪವತಿ ಜಾನಕಿ ಕ
ಣ್ಬೊಲದೊಳಿರೆ ಪದ್ಮಪತ್ರದ
ಜಲಬಿಂದುವಿನಂತೆ ಚಲಿತಮಾದುದು ಚಿತ್ತಂ (೯–೭೬)

‘A snare to the eye, chains of diamond for the heart, beautiful *Janaki* came into his field of vision and his mind moved from its moorings like a waterdrop on the lotus leaf.’

ಶೃಂಗಾರ ಸಮುದ್ರಮಂ ಕಡೆಯೆ ಹೃದ್ಭವನುದ್ಭವೆಯಾದಳೆಂದು ಕ
ಣ್ಣಾರೆ ದಶಾಸ್ಯನೀಕ್ಷಿಸಿದನೀಕ್ಷಿಸಿ ಕಣ್ಣೆಡೆದಾರೆ ಮನ್ಮಥಂ

ಪಲರುಂ ವಿದ್ಯಾಧರಸ್ತ್ರೀಯರುಮಮರಿಯರುಂ ಮಾನಚಸ್ತ್ರೀಯರುಂ ತ
ಮ್ಮೊಲವಿಂ ಮೇಲ್ವಾಯ್ದೊಡಂ ಮುಂ ಬಗೆಯದ ಬಗೆಯೇನಾದುದೆಂದುದ್ಧತಂ ಮೂ
ದಲಿಸುತ್ತುಂ ರೋಪಿನೊಳ್ ಮಚ್ಚರಿಸುವನೆನಗೆಂದಂಬನಂಬಟ್ಟುವನ್ನಂ
ಪಲಕಾಲಕ್ಕೇಸುವೆತ್ತಂ ದಶಮುಖನೆನುತುಂ ಮನ್ಮಥಂ ಮಾಣದೆಚ್ಚಂ
(೯–೮೨,೮೩)

“As Ravana gazed and gazed at Sita, glutting his eyes with her—‘O! she was born, by Cupid churning the sea of Beauty!’; --at him gazed Cupid, seeing it all at a glance shouting in triumph –‘Ah! My man, where is the mind now that minded not

before so many fairies, goddesses and moral women who threw themselves at you in love? Long have I bided my time and at last you are shot Dasamukha! ‘ So gloating and taunting, Manmatha, envious also of Ravana’s beauty, let fly arrow after arrow, incessant, one chasing another!”

And the poet himself is surprised and sad—

ಎನ್ನರುಂ ಕಿಡಿಮಸಿಯಾದವೋಲ್ ವಿಷಯಲೋಭದಿನೇಳಿದರಾಗದಿರ್ಪರೇ!

ವಿಹಿತಾಚಾರಮನನ್ವಯಾಗತ ಗುಣಪ್ರಖ್ಯಾತಿಯಂ ದುಷ್ಟನಿ
ಗ್ರಹ ಶಿಷ್ಟಪ್ರತಿಪಾಲನ ಕ್ಷಮತೆಯಂ ಕೈಗಾಯದನ್ಯಾಂಗನಾ
ಸ್ಪೃಹೆಯಂ ತಾಳ್ದಿದನಲ್ತೆ ಕಾಲವಶದಿಂ ಲಂಕೇಶ್ವರಂ ವಿಸ್ಮಯಾ
ವಹವಲ್ತಬ್ಧಿಯುಮೊರ್ಮೆ ಕಾಲವಶದಿಂ ಮರ್ಯಾದೆಯಂ ದಾಂಟದೇ

(೯–೮೩, ೮೬)

‘Passion makes light even the best men, like a glowing spark become soot. Alas, the Lord of Lanka, under the sway of Time, has come to lust after another’s wife! abandoning approved conduct, the famed virtues of his house, and his kingly duty of guarding the good and punishing the wicked! Wonders to happen: does not even the ocean outstep his limits once in the sway of Time!

Lost already in the loss of spirituality, Ravana calls up his Avalokini Vidya:

ಆತ್ಮಗುಣಹಾನಿಯೆ ಸೂಚಿಸದೇ ವಿನಾಶಮಂ?..... (೯–೯೬)

She chides him warns him that Rama and Lakshmana are ಕಾರಣಪುರುಷರ್ –men of Destiny, but he is no mood for admonition ಉಪದೇಶಂ. She knows he is destined do die for Sita, and a man must need follow where his Karma leads--

ಈತನ ಕಯ್ಯುಳವಲ್ತು ಪುರಾತನ ಕರ್ಮಾಯತ್ತಮಲ್ತೆ ದೇಹಿಗಳೆಸಕಂ

She separates Lakshmana from Sita by a cry as from Rama, and Ravana seizes Sita:

ದೋಷಿ ಪಿಡಿದಂತೆ ದಿವ್ಯದ
ಕಾಸಿದ ಕುಟುವಂ, ಕಡಂಗಿ ಕಾಳೋರಗನಂ
ಕೂಸು ಪಿಡಿದಂತೆ, ಪಿಡಿದಂ
ಸಾಸಿಗನವಿವೇಕಿ, ಸೀತೆಯಂ ದಶಕಂಠಂ (೯–೧೦೧)

‘As a guilty man seizes the red hot plough-share in the ordeal, as a child seizes a furious black serpent with ardour, so rashly venturing fool, Dasakantha seized Sita.’

A certain prince Ratnajati hears the cries of Sita and flies up stopping Ravana: (it is he who later carries the news to Sugriva and Rama)—but Ravana remembers his old friendship for his father merely cuts off his flying power.

…ಅರ್ಕಜಟಿಯ ನಣ್ಪಿಂಗವನೊಳ್
ಕಾದದೆ ಕರುಣಿಸಿ ವಿದ್ಯಾ
ಚ್ಛೇದಂಗೆಯ್ದಂ ನಿರಂಕುಶಂ ದಶಕಂಠಂ (೯–೧೪೬)

As he flies on to Lanka, he cannot contain himself: ಕಣ್ಗಳ್ ಕೀಱಿ ಸರ್ವಾಂಗಮಂ ತೆಗೆದಾಲಿಂಗಿಸೆ... ಧೈರ್ಯಂಗೆಟ್ಟು ಮೇಲ್ವಾಯ್ವ ಚೇಷ್ಟೆಗೆ ಪೌಲಸ್ತ್ಯನುಮೊತ್ತುಗೊಟ್ಟನೆನಲಾರಂ ದರ್ಪಕಂ ದಂಡಿಸಂ? –His eyes scoured and devoured and embraced her whole body, his self-control was lost and he began to approach her. When *even Ravana* allowed such tricks of passion to get hold of him, whom cannot Cupid punish? (IX.148). But Sita threatens to pull out her tongue and die and Ravana desists, hoping for better times.

ಮಹಾಸತಿಯ ಶೀಲದಳವನಱಿಯನಪ್ಪುದಱಿಂ, ಅನಂತವೀರ್ಯಕೇವಲಿಗಳಿತ್ತ ಪರವಧೂವಿರತಿ ವ್ರತಪರಿಪಾಲನವೆನಗರಿದಾದುದೆನೆ ನಿಸರ್ಗರಾಗಿಗಳಪ್ಪ ಪೆಂಡಿರ ಪರಿಣಾಮಂ ಎಲ್ಲಿವರಂ ನಡೆದಪ್ಪುದೀಕೆಯನಾವ ತೆಱದೊಳಮೊಡಂಬಡಿಸುವುದಾವಗಹನಂ ಎಂದು ತನ್ನಂ ತಾನೆ ಸಂತಯಿಸುತ್ತುಂ–

'Consoling himself in this manner—because he had never known what the character of a noble wife was like –when I find it so hard to keep the vow of not desiring others' wives to which my Guru Ananta Virya vowed me—how long will the resolution hold of women who are passionate by nature? It will not be very difficult to persuade this lady in some way.' (IX. 148 ff).

So he reaches Lanka and places her in a mansion in his Royal Park and tosses on his bed feverish for Sita and humiliated because he has not avenged his sister and nephew and brother-in-law. His wife guesses it must be love—since war never meant all that pain to Ravana; but he shrinks from telling her; and when she has guessed, he is ashamed and confesses that he has brought away Sita like a fool:

ನಿನಗೆ ವಂಚಿಸಲಾಗದು–ತಂದೆನಿಂದು ಮುಂದಱಿಯದೆ ಸೀತೆಯಂ

Mandodari is frightened for her lord's life and comforts him with the cynical remark:

ಅಚಿರಪ್ರಭೆಯುಂ ಪೆಂಡಿರ
ಶುಚಿತ್ವಮುಂ ಕ್ಷಣದಿನಗ್ಗಳಂ ನಿಲ್ಕುಮೆ...
ಆಕೆಯನೊಡಂಬಡೆಸಲಾನೆ ಸಾಲ್ವೆಂ

'Lightning and the chastity of women do not last beyond a moment' Leave me to bring her round.' (O woman! O wife! What wonder Ravana had his own opinion of woman's virtue!)

A stifling atmosphere, but the air clears as Sita speaks out sharp to Mandodari:

ಇದು ಮತ್ತೋನ್ಮತ್ತ ಜಲ್ಪಂ, ಕುಲವಧುವರ ಮಾತಲ್ತು ನಿಮ್ಮೊಂದಿಗರ್ ವಂ
ಶದ ಕೇಡಂ ನೋಡದೊಳ್ಪಂ ಬಗೆಯದೆ ಪೞಿಗಂ ಪಾತಕಕ್ಕಂ ಭಯಂಗೊ
ಳ್ಳದೆ ಪೇೞಿರ್, ಪೊಲ್ಲಮಾತಂ ನುಡಿವಿರಿದು ಮನಂನೋೞ್ಪ ಸಂಕಲ್ಪ ಜಲ್ಪಂ
ಮದಧೀಶಂ ರಾಮಚಂದ್ರಂ ಪೊಱಗೆನೆ, ಪೆಱರೇವಾತೊ ಜಾತಾನುಜಾತರ್ (೯–೧೬೯)

'This is the foolish chatter of shameless women; not the speech of noble wives. Ladies like you never talk like this, but think of the ruin of the house, think of goodness, and fear ill-frame and sin. You are speaking evil words. You must be making trial of me. Let one word do for all-saving my lord, Ramachandra, men are no me sons and brothers.'

And to Ravana who offers an empire and scouts danger from Rama, a poor, forsaken, wanderer of the woods—she says firmly,

ಗುಣಹಾನಿಯಿಂದಧೋಗತಿ,
ಗುಣದಿಂ ಸ್ವರ್ಗಾಪವರ್ಗಸುಖಮಕ್ಕುಮೆನಲ್
ಗುಣಹೀನನ ಸಿರಿಯಿಂದಂ
ಗುಣಿಗಳ ಬಡತನಮೆ ನಾಡೆಯುಂ ಲೇಸಲ್ತೇ (೯–೧೮೨)

'Hell and perdition by loss of virtue; and from virtue, heaven and salvation: If that is the truth, blessed far above the wealth of the wicked is the poverty of the good.'

Ravana is only maddened—'love, being baulked; rageth all the more.'

ಬಿಡೆ ನುಡಿಯೆ ಸೀತೆ, ಮುಳಿಸಿನ
ಪಡೆಮಾತಂತಿರ್ಕೆ, ರಾವಣಂಗೊಲವು ಪದಿ
ರ್ಮಡಿಸಿತ್ತಪ್ರಾಪ್ತಿ ರಸಂ
ಬಡಗುಂ ವೈಷಯಿಕಸುಖದೊಳಿದು ವಿಸ್ಮಯಮೇ (೯–೧೮೬)

I must now hurry on and come to the last scene of this strange eventful history. Vibhishana hears the sobs of Sita in the hush of night and remembers the ancient prophecy (IX. 192). Sugriva and Hanuman are falling away and joining Rama, for moral, and (obvious) political reasons. Vibhishana preaches and warns. Ravana is relentless and undismayed.

………...........ಕಪಿಚಿಹ್ನರಿಲ್ಲದೇಂ
ಕಿಡುವುದೋ ಭೂಚರರ್ ಧುರದೊಳಾಂಪರೆ ಖೇಚರಚಕ್ರವರ್ತಿಯಂ?
(೯–೧೯೫)

'If a few drops are lost to the sea, is the sea dry? If Khara and Dushana are killed, is our great army gone? If the Kapi Dhvajas go, are we lost? Can mere men, walkers of the earth, meet in battle the Emperor of the Khecharas, fliers in the air?

Vibhishana hopes on—does not much water wear out a stone?—and strengthens the fortifications and watches events (Preparedness waiting and seeing!).

The Allies gather; old Jambunada advises settlement by conference. 'Vibhishana is an honest man, and if Ravana has gone astray, well, a stained mirror can be cleaned. Remember we are relations and friends of Ravana.' –(IX. 20-26). Hanuman comes on the embassy; has anxious discussion with Vibhishana:

ಶೌಚದಗ್ಗಳಿಕೆಯಂ…………...ಕೊಂಡಾಡುವೀರಾವಣಂ
ಎಣಿಸದೆ ತನ್ನ ಶೌಚಗುಣಮಂ, ವ್ರತರಕ್ಷಣಮಂ, ಪರಾಂಗನಾ
ಪ್ರಣಯಮನಪ್ಪುಕೈಯೆ, ಶರಣಾಗತರಕ್ಷಣದಕ್ಷನಪ್ಪ ದ
ಕ್ಷಿಣಭರತತ್ರಿಖಂಡಧರಣೀಪತಿ, ದಾನವಚಕ್ರವರ್ತಿ, ರಾ
ವಣನಿದನಾಗದೆನ್ನದೊಡೆ ನಿನ್ನ ನೆಗಟ್ತಿಗೆ ಬನ್ನಮಾಗದೇ (೧೧–೭೮)

'When Ravana who sings the praises of chastity, careless of his purity, his vow, yields to passion; Ravana the guardian of the weak who seek his shelter, the sovereign of the three kingdoms in South Bharatha, the Emperor of the Danavas, if you will not say, this must not be, will it not be your dishonour?'

Vibhishana pleads: ‘Do you think I have said nothing? Can I be indifferent? He won’t listen. Poor Sita has been starving to save her family honour, her own virtue, her ideal of herself, and still my elder brother is not moved to renunciation. He is sending her messengers every day.’

ಆಗದೆಂದಾನಿದನಜೆಪದುದಾಸೀನದಿಂ ಮುನ್ನಮೇನಿರ್ದನೆ...ಪೇೞ್ದುದಂ ಕೇಳನೆ...ಅನ್ನತ್ಯಾಗದೊಳೆ ದೇವಿ ಕುಲಮಂ ವ್ರತಮಂ॥ ತನ್ನುನ್ನತಿಯಂ ಕಾದೊಡ । ಮಿನ್ನುಂ ವೈರಾಗ್ಯಮಾದುದಿಲ್ಲಗ್ರಜನೊಳ್! …. ಮತ್ತಮಟ್ಟಟ್ಟಿಯಟ್ಟುತಿರ್ದಪಂ ॥
(೧೧–೮೦–೮೨)

An angry scene follows berween Hanuman and Ravana. ‘Traitor’ cries King. ‘forgetful of our relationship, of my kindnesses, of your own dignity, you come as the servant of a Bhuchara’—(IX. 104, 136, 137).

It is now war. Rama’s army crosses over, by air-flight, Nagachandra remarking dryly that this is more economic than pulling up and heaping hills:

ಬೆಟ್ಟಮನೊಟ್ಟಿ ಬಟ್ಟೆ ನಡೆವಚ್ಚಿಗಮೇವುದೊ! (೧೨–೯೬)

Vibhishana meanwhile has joined them; after a final appeal to Ravana: leaving Lanka like an elephant avoiding a wood set on fire and following his Karma, which was to be the next Emperor—(XII. 52-76). His words on sin are worth quoting:

ಬಗೆ ದೆಸೆಬಿದ್ದಂ ಪರಿವುದು
ಬಗೆಯಂ ಬಗೆದಂತೆ ಪರಿಯಲೀಯದೆ ಪಿರಿಯಂ
ತೆಗೆವುದು ಪಟಿಪೊರ್ದದ ಬ
ಟ್ಟೆಗೆ, ನಿಜದಿಂದಾರ ಬಗೆಗಳುಂ ನೇರಿದುವೇ (೧೨–೫೪)

‘Man’s mind runs to all quarters of the earth. The great man is he who does not let it run as it likes, but leads it to the path that hath no stain. No one’s mind is by nature *Straight.’*

And, now the last scene, the most powerfully dramatic and touching, it seems to me, in the whole poem. Ravana has spurned away his own brother, another revolter. ‘Let them fly all.” The battle has steadily gone against him. Sons and brothers are lost. He orders worship in Shanti Jina’s temple and himself performs Japa to secure the Bahu Rupini Vidya, by which he could multiply himself endlessly. Angada tries to break his Yoga but fails. The Shakti appears and will grant power to kill all except Rama and Lakshmana. Ah! (XIV. 82-106)

Assuming the most beautiful form, he goes to tempt Janaki. And lo! The tempter that went out to tempt he turns again home, clean!

ದಶಾನನನಿಂತೆಂದಂ–ಬಹುರೂಪಿಣೀವಿದ್ಯೆ ಸಾಧಿತಮಾದುದು. ಇನ್ನೆನಗಸಾಧ್ಯಮಪ್ಪ ಮಱುವಕ್ಕಮಿಲ್ಲ. ನಿನ್ನ ನಚ್ಚಿನ ರಾಮನ ದೆಸೆಯಂ ಬಿಟ್ಟು, ಎನಗೊಡಂಬಟ್ಟು ಸಾಮ್ರಾಜ್ಯಸುಖಮನನುಭವಿಸೆನೆ––ಸೀತೆ ವಿಹ್ವಲೀಭೂತಚಿತ್ತೆಯಾಗಿ:

ಕರುಣಿಸುವೊಡೆನಗೆ, ದಶಕಂ
ಧರ, ಧುರದೊಳ್ ರಘುತನೂಜನಾಯುಃಪ್ರಾಣಂ
ಬರೆಗಂ ಬಾರದಿರೆನುತುಂ
ಧರಿತ್ರಿಯೊಳ್ ಮೆಯ್ಯನೊಕ್ಕು ಮೂರ್ಛೆಗೆ ಸಂದಳ್

ಜಾನಕಿ ಮೂರ್ಛಿತೆಯಾಗೆ, ದ

ಶಾನನನನುಕಂಪೆ ಪುಟ್ಟೆ, ಕರುಣಿಸಿ, ತನ್ನಂ
ತಾನೆ ಪಟಿದುಟಿದು ಕರ್ಮಾ
ಧೀನ ಸಮುತ್ಪನ್ನ ದುರಘ ದುಷ್ಪಣತಿಯಂ

ಕದಡಿದ ಸಲಿಲಂ ತಿಳಿವಂ
ದದೆ, ತನ್ನಿಂ ತಾನೆ ತಿಳಿದ ದಶವದನಂಗಾ
ದುದು ವೈರಾಗ್ಯಂ ಸೀತೆಯೊ
ಳುದಾತ್ತನೊಳ್ ಪುಟ್ಟದಲ್ತೆ ನೀಲೀರಾಗಂ

ಪತ್ತುವಿಡದಿರ್ದನೇ ರವಿ
ಪತ್ತಿದ ಸಂಧ್ಯಾನುರಾಗಮಂ, ಮನದಟಿಪಿಂ
ದೆತ್ತಾನುಂ ಪೊಲ್ಲೆನಿಪುದ
ನುತ್ತ ನಾಚರಿಸಿ ಪತ್ತುವಿಡದಿರ್ದಪನೇ

ಅಂತು ಮನದೊಳೊಗೆದ ಕಾರುಣ್ಯರಸಮೆ ಸೀತೆಯೊಳಾದನುರಕ್ತತೆಯಂ ಕರ್ಚಿ ಕಳೆವುದುಂ, ಸ್ವಭಾವಪರಿಣತಿಯೊಳ್ ನಿಂದು, ಸ್ವಕೀಯಾಪ್ತ ಪುರುಷಪರಿಷಜ್ಜನಕ್ಕಿಂತೆಂದಂ:

ಗುಣಪರಿಪಾಲನಾರ್ಥಮೆನಗಂ ಬಗೆದೋಜಿದಳಿಲ್ಲ, ದಿವ್ಯಭೂ
ಷಣ ವಸನಾಂಗರಾಗಮುಮನೊಲ್ಲದೆ, ಖೇಚರರಾಜ್ಯಲಕ್ಷ್ಮಿಯಂ
ತೃಣಸಮನಾಗೆ ಭಾವಿಸಿದಳೀ ಸತಿಯುಂ, ಮೊದಲಾಗಿ ಪೌರುಷ
ಪ್ರಣಯಿಯೆನಿಂತಪೇಕ್ಷಿಸುವೆನೇ ಗುಣಹಾನಿಯನನ್ನೆ ಪಾಪದಿಂ!

ಇವರಂ, ಪ್ರಾಣಪ್ರಿಯರಂ,
ನೆವಮಿಲ್ಲದೆ, ಕರ್ಮವಶಮೆ ನೆವಮೆನೆ, ಕಂದ
ರ್ಪವಿಮೋಹದಿಂದಗಲ್ಚಿದೆ
ನವಿವೇಕಿಯೆನೆನ್ನ ಕುಲದ ಪೆಂಪಟಿವಿನೆಗಂ!

ರಾಮನನಗಲ್ಚಿ ತಂದಾ
ನೀ ಮಾನಿನಿಗಿನಿತು ದುಃಖಮಂ ಪುಟ್ಟಿಸಿದೆಂ
ಕಾಮವ್ಯಾಮೋಹದಿನಾ
ಶಾಮುಖಮಂ ಪುದಿಯೆ ದುರ್ಯಶಃಪಟಹರವಂ

ಎನಗೆ ವಿಭೀಷಣಂ ಹಿತಮನಾದರದಿಂದಮೆ ಪೇಟಿ, ಕೇಳದಾ
ತನನವಿನೀತನೆಂ ಗಜಟಿ ಗರ್ಜಿಸಿ ಬಯ್ದನುಜಾತನಂ ವಿನೀ
ತನನಟಿಯಟ್ಟಿ ದುರ್ವ್ಯಸನಿಯಂ ಕಟಿದೆಂ, ವ್ಯಸನಾಭಿಭೂತನಾ
ವನುಮನುರಾಗವೇಗದೆ ಹಿತಾಹಿತಚಿಂತೆಯನೇಕೆ ಮಾಡುಗುಂ

ಜಸದಟಿವಂ, ಪರಾಭವದ ಪತ್ತುಗೆಯಂ, ದೊರೆವೆತ್ತ ತಮ್ಮ ಮಾ
ನಸಿಕೆಯ ಕೇಡನುನ್ನತಿಯ ಬನ್ನಮನನ್ಯಭವಾಬದ್ಧಮ
ಪ್ಪಸುಗತಿಯಂ, ಸುಹೃಜ್ಜನದ ಬೇವಸಮಂ, ಜನತಾಪವಾದಮಂ
ವ್ಯಸನಿಗಳಾರುಮೆತ್ತಲಟಿವರ್ ವಿಷಯಾಸವಮತ್ತಚೇತಸರ್

ಎಂದು ಉದ್ವೇಗಪರನಾಗಿ ನುಡಿದು, ಆತ್ಮಗತದೊಳಿಂತೆಂದು :

ಇರದುಯ್ದೀಗಳೆ ಕೊಟ್ಟೊಡೆನ್ನ ಕಡುಪುಂ, ಕಟ್ಟಾಯಮುಂ, ಬೀರಮುಂ,
ಬಿರುದುಂ, ಬೀಸರಮಕ್ಕುಮೋಸರಿಸಿದಂತಾಗಿರ್ಕುಮಂತಾಗದಂ
ತಿರೆ, ದೋರ್ಗರ್ವಮನಿರ್ವಲಂ ಪೊಗಟ್ವಿನಂ, ಸೌಮಿತ್ರಿಯಂ ರಾಮನಂ
ವಿರಥರ್ಮಾಡಿ, ರಣಾಗ್ರದೊಳ್ ಪಿಡಿದು ತಂದಾಂ ಕೊಟ್ಟಪೆಂ ಸೀತೆಯಂ

'Said Dasanana: I have acquired the art of myriad forms. No enemy can withstand me now. Give up your dear, trusted Rama as a refuge. Consent to me enjoy imperial happiness.

'Sita suddenly lost all her presence of mind. O Ravana, she cried, if you really have any loving kindness for me, do anything in the fight short of taking the life of Rama! And her limbs were loosened and she fell on the ground and swooned away.

'Touched was Ravana; sympathy was born, and mercy. Himself blaming himself, he left off the sinful, evil turn of his mind, born of the sway of karma. Like turbid water cleaning, himself cleared himself and felt renunciation with regard to Sita, *No noble soul ever becomes black in grain.*

'Doesn't the Sun unflush from the crimson love of Evening? A noble man, will he not give up evil, after doing wrong, some time, from the temptations of the mind?

'So the Karunya Rasa (flood of Mercy) in his mind now swelling washed off the red taint of his love for Sita, and he stood forth in his *native disposition of mind* and said to his inner circle of friends and counselors—

'See, for Virtue's sake, even to me, she gave not her heart. She would have none of our ornament, robes, perfume, colour. The wealth and grandeur of sovereignty she deemed mere straw, this woman! And I, a man, lover of the true excellence of man, shall I desire the loss of my virtue by continuing in my sin?

'These lovers, dear to each other as life, for no cause but the away of Karma, no other cause, maddened with passion. I separated, fool, and wrecked the greatness of my family.

'From brute passion, I tore away this honourable lady from Rama, and brought her all this sorrow. My disgrace has been trumpeted to the ends of the world!

'Lovingly, Vibhishana told me my own good; but wretched villain that I was, I would not hear. I flamed up. I shouted, I said hard words and drove away from home my own dear brother, that noble heart! Oh! Carried away by the mad rush of love, who ever stopped to enquire what was or was not for his good?

'How can men feel, when their mind is intoxicated by lust, the loss of reputation, the certainty of humiliation, the ruin of their peerless manhood, the break-up of the highest in them, the bonds of fresh lives into which their salvation is lost, the heart-sorrow of friends, the scandal among people!

'So spoke Ravana, remorseful,--and said to himself—If I give her back now, my will, and strength and valour and titles, will all be as if they had never been. I shall be taken for a coward, who swerves, for he cannot face Death! That must not be. I shall

fight till both the hosts ring with my praises, drag Lakshmana and Rama down from their chariots, bring them to Lanka and present Sita!' (XIV. 110-119).

Mandodari, frightened at omens, comes to stop Ravana (like another Calpurnia), and offers to buy peace by herself delivering Sita. But he cannot brook her sight, and orders her in anger to go away: ರೋಷಾವೇಶದಿಂ ನೀನಿಲ್ಲಿಂ ತೊಲಗೆಂದು ಚಪ್ಪರಿಸಿದಂ

(೧೪–೧೨೩)

The wheel of Lakshmana does its appointed work, and Ravana's soul at last knows rest.

A last word of pity from Abhinava Pampa:

ಹೃದಯಂ ಸೀತಾನಿಮಿತ್ತಂ ಮನಸಿಜನಿಸೆ ಪಂಚೇಷುವಿಂ ಭಿನ್ನಮಾಗಿ
ದುರ್ದಡೆಂ ಲಕ್ಷ್ಮೀಧರಂ ಕೋಪದಿನಿಡೆ ಪೆಟಿತೇಂ ಚಕ್ರರತ್ನಕ್ಕೆ ಪಾಡಾ
ದುದೆನಲ್, ನಟ್ಟುರ್ಚಿ ಬೆನ್ನಿಂ ಪೊಱಮಡೆ, ವಿಗತಪ್ರಾಣನಾ
ದಾನವೇಂದ್ರಂ
ತ್ರಿದಶೇಂದ್ರಂ ವಜ್ರದಿಂದಿಟ್ಟೊಡೆ, ನಡುಗೆ ನೆಲಂ, ಬೆಟ್ಟು ಬೀೞ್ವಂತೆ ಬಿೞ್ದಂ (೧೪–೧೮೯)

'The heart, pierced and shattered by the arrows of Love, on account of Sita—what could it do but burst at the touch of Lakshmana's wheel? As the Chakra pierced and left at the back, like a mountain struck by the lightning of Indra, the Indra of the Danavas fell earth-shaking.'

And Vibhishana, is made to express amazement:

ಶೌಚಾಚಾರಪರಾಯಣನಪ್ಪ ರಾವಣನಾವ ಪಾಪಂಗೆಯ್ದನಾಗಿ ಸೀತಾದೇವಿಗೆ ಮರುಳ್ಗೊಂಡು ಪೋದಂ?

(೧೬–೩೬ವ.)

'What sin had Ravana committed, that, with all his devotion to purity, he went so mad over Queen Sita?'

If the soul of Tulsi Das's Ravana was taken into God's bosom I have myself no doubt it was—we may be sure about Nagachandra's. The Highest has a large heart and understands tragedies. Ravana, the shattered man, fell; but his spirit, having paid the supreme penalty of sin, has risen and dwelt in the imaginations of men like Nagachndra—men who can divine a grief and sympathise.

[*The Mysore University Magazine,* Vol. VII, December 1923]

KANNADA RESURGENT

Trends and Aims: Half a century of Kannada resurgent has thrown up trends and aims, which may be summed up as a sort of writer's creed.

1. Revolutionise, socialise, humanize.
2. Rouse the men, women and children for Kannada in a re-unified Karnataka.
3. Publish and study critically the old classics, broadcast the really good things in them and build them into the future.
4. Re-organise the standard language; purify, strengthen and discipline it. Make it a fit vehicle for modern and ancient knowledge, and for a new literature of power.

5. Absorb world-culture: “the best that has been said and thought and done in the world” in the great literatures of East and West. Let there be in Karnataka a few specialists in each to bring in light from all quarters.
6. With regard to our own Indian heritage, sift the true from the false, the universal from the local and temporary, deepen and refine and popularise it, so that a free, united, happy India may come into being and take her place among the nations.
7. Establish a living catholic taste. Experiment in freedom. Work out old things and new in a sympathetic imagination, to ennoble and enrich the human spirit. Steep yourself in life and the great Masters. “A good book is the precious life-blood of a Master-spirit.”
8. No more meaningless conventions or flourishes for pedants. Write for the people, simply, sincerely, strongly. Give them the truth you see, fearless in the interpretation of life and frank in the faith needed for a life in God-in goodness, truth and beauty. Cultivate the garden of your fathers afresh for the fruits of the reborn spirit.

[Extract from *The Mysore Census Report,* 1941, Appendix V]

PRESENT TENDENCIES IN KANNADA LITERARURE

Like every other vernacular, Kannada also is halting between two influence, the traditional and the modern, though the modern is, on the whole, triumphing. Considering the smallness of the Kannada—speaking public, it must be admitted that there is great enthusiasm for the development of the language and its literature. Few names of outstanding merit have emerged within the last year or two, but the older writers are steadily adding to their output and a good harvest has already been gathered. The most encouraging sign in recent years has been the gracious patronage extended by His Highness the Maharaja, who has not only instituted an annual verse competition and awarded prizes to the winners in a special Durbar, but has set the healthy example of making speeches in Kannada on public occasions. The University and the schools are throbbing with the new spirit, and inter-collegiate debates, school magazines and essays, lyrics and biographies from student-authors bear ample testimony to the increased interest in letters at the fountain-heads of culture. A fresh impetus will be given to the study of vernacular by the recent decision of the Senate to make Kannada compulsory (Mohammadans being allowed Urdu) in the Intermediate and B. A. courses and to institute a chair of Kannada culture in the University. The University and the education department also subsidise original work on modern subjects and translations of Western classics, likely to appeal to or educate the masses. Higher journalism represented by magazines like the *Karnataka Sahitya Parishat Patrike, Prabuddha Karnataka. Visvakarnataka, Jayakarnataka, Suvasini, Makkala Pustaka* carries the new out look on life to the half-educated adults

and women and children at home. The atmosphere is thus saturated with ideas and the times are big with expectation.

We may proceed to note the actual work in some of the departments of literature. The work of editing the old classics and the study of philology are going on without a break. The Karnataka Sahitya Parishat has edited Kesiraja's *Sabdamanidarpana,* a grammar of the 13th century A. D. *Pampa Ramayana,* a jaina variant of the famous Indian epic, of the 11th century, and is now half through an edition of the *Pampa Bharata,* the oldest extant kavya in Kannada, of 941 A.D. dealing succinctly with the story of the Mahabharata. It is interesting to note that the learned and tireless editor, Mr. B. Venkatanaranappa, got a manuscript of the work from a Jaina library at Arrah near Patna, which has thrown light in a number of corrupt readings and filled up most distressing gaps. The Jaina Yuvaka Sangha of Puttur (South Canara) has brought out a sumptuous edition of *Bharatesa Vaibhava,* a medieval work on the first Chakravarthi of the Jainas. Mr. U. Mangesha Rao, the editor has laid the whole Karnataka country under obligation by this splendid piece of critical work. On the Dharwar side, the *Vachana Sastra Sara* of Rao Bahadur Mr.P.G.Halakatti, is a valuable selection of the voluminous sayings and preachings of the Virasaiva apostles and saints of the 12th century and latter periods; while Mr. Uttangi's edition of *Sarvajna Padagalu* gives the largest extant collection of the epigrams of one of the most popular and quotable of Kannada writers.

History of literature has been marked out for his own by Rao Bahadur R.Narasimhachar, the veteran scholar and archaelogist who has revised and reprinted his *Kavicharite,* Vol.I, and after a subsequent Vol. II, has now nearly finished his Vol. III, bringing down the account of Kannada literature to the present day. It is a monumental work and will be the basis of all future investigation on the subject. The University is publishing a hand book of Kannada in five parts: Grammar, Prosody, Rhetoric, History of language and History of literature. It is intended for students and general readers and tries to give an authoritative and brief summary of up-to-date learning and research on the subjects dealt with.

In the field of Poetry, in addition to work in the old manner, a few writers may be mentioned as representative of the new culture and method. Rajakavi Bhushana H. Linga Raj Urs, whose *Ramayana* had captured the public by its easy style and modern feeling, has now added to his laurels by his *Yadu Nripa Vijaya,* a short epic on the founding of the ruling house of Mysore by Yadu Raya in the 15th century. Mr. D. V. Gundappa, editor and publicist, has in his *Vasanta Kusumanjali* and Nivedana, given splendid expression to the devotional and national spirit, and hung wreaths round the noble makers of modern India, and for the first time brought into poetry beauties of Mysore, like the Gerusoppe and the Shivanasamudram Falls and the Hoysala temples. Mr. M. Venkatesha Iyengar has a most versatile genius and starting a new vein with his short stories (*Kelavu Sanna Kathegalu*) has advanced to plays (*Savitri, Santa),* touching old heroic themes with a new imagination and fervour, and to slender volumes of poetry, *Binnaha* and *Aruna,* of rare charm of phrase and feeling. The University has contributed its share in *English geetagalu,* by "Shri", a book of translations of English lyrics, aiming at familiarising the Kannada reader with the spirit

and style of Western literature. There is many a fine lyric warbled on the Mangalore sea-board by writers like Mr. P.Mangesha Rao and Mr. U. Mangesha Rao. All these departures from mechanical versifying are by English-educated men, who are experimenting in style, metre and subject and are moulded by the blended culture of East and the West.

Kavitilaka Ayya Sastry's poetical history of the Mysore Kings should also be noted in this connection, as modern work done by a poet of the old school. Though written in old Kannada, this fine chronicle is easily intelligible and breathes the sprit of loyalty and devotion to the country's progress.

As regards drama, the theatre has suffered an irreparable loss in the recent death of Nataka Siromani Mr. Varadachar, the gifted actor, who was not content merely to stick to the old plays but encouraged the modern social play. (A similar loss to the musical world was the death of the late lamented Vainika Sikhamani Mr. Seshanna). Plays by Mr. Venkatesa Iyengar have been mentioned. Mr. T.P. Kailasam's *Tollu Gatti* and *Ammavra Ganda* are in colloquial dialect and ridicule the foibles and the fashions of the day. Pandit Sitarama Sastry's version of Bhasa's *Pratima Nataka,* Pandit Bellave Narahari Sastry's *Kabir Das,* Pandit Nanjanagud Srikanta Sastry,s plays, Mr. Benegal Rama Rao's *Prahasanas,* and plays like *Mira Bai* and *Vigada Vikrama Raya* displays the mingling of the old classical piety play with the new historical, national and social problem play. In this connection must be noted Mr. D. V. Gundappa's play on *Vidyaranya* and Mr. Vankatesha Iyengar's on *The Battle of Talikote.* A lady writer Srimati Tirumalamba, has been writing a sort of play-novel-sermon type of books which are greatly appreciated.

The novel has at last succeded in freeing itself from the grip of Bankim Chander Chatterji, who had been naturalised in Mysore by late Mr. Venkatachar. For years, every tyro echoed Mr. Venkatachar-the very trick of his speech and plot. Then, there was a social reform novel of Viresalingam Pantulu and its following. Mr. M.S. Puttanna's *Madiddunno Maharaya* broke the spell with the realistic domestic novel, based on life in Mysore and rendered in very homely style. He has since followed it up with his *Musuku Tegeye Mayangane* (still in manuscript). Mr. Venkatesa Iyengar's fine work in short stories has already been noted and has been honoured by a new school of imitators. Mr. V. T. Kulakarni (Galaganth) has been reviving ancient life and glory in his historical novels, the latest of which *Madhava Karuna Vilasa,* keeps to the high level of the rest and is inspired by the vision of a united Indian people, free from the jealousies of caste and creed and spending themselves in sacrifice for the Motherland. An inspiring and beautifully written account of the Kannada Kingdoms is given in Mr. R. H. Deshponde's *Karnataka Samrajya.* Biography is represented by Mr. Singraiaha's *Life of Chamarajendra of Mysore and of Gokhale and Vidyaranya,* and the "grand old man", Mr. Venkatakrishaniah's *Booker T. Washington,* The aged and veteran scholar-patriot Mr. C. Vasudevaiya has after a long silence since his *Aryakirthi* and *Sivaji* again spoken out in his *Bhishma Charite.* His eloquent and rhythmical periods are the delight of every scholar.

Criticism and civics are still to be cultivated, but a good beginning has been made in Mr. Ramanuja Iyengar' s *Kavi Samaya,* Mr. Venkatesha Iyengar's *Vimarse* and Mr. D.V. Gundappa's *Rajya Vyavahara Sastra.*

Among noteworthy translations should be mentioned the Kannada version of Tulsidas's immortal *Ramayana* by Mr. D. K. Bharadwaj. Mr. V. B. Alur's translation of Tilak's *Gita Rahasya* is older, but is an invaluable addition to serious literature in Kannada.

It will be clear from this short review that Kannada literature is shaking itself free from the domination of old ideas and forms and is blossoming vigorously in the hands of a young, educated and patriotic band of writers, novelists, poets and publicists; and, passing the stage of imitation and translation, is striking out in all directions, responding to inspirations local as well as all-Indian, present as well as past. There is an outburst of activity that is full of promise for the future and gladdening to the heart of every lover of Kannada.

[Mysore University Magazine, Vol. XI, July 1927]

THE KANNADA MOVEMENT

In this short sketch, I propose to give a bird's eye view of the Kannada Movement, its origin and development in the last fifty years.

First we may glance briefly at the literary harvest of a thousand years. The Kannada country was known to the Mauryas, as evidenced by the Asokan inscriptions and traces of the Kannada language in the Greek comedy of the Oxyhyncus or not, a definite specimen of it appears in the Palmidi inscription of c.450 discovered by Dr. Krishna, are found all over the country in abundance. Literature was at first confined to folk-tales and folk-songs in the tripadi and other pure Kannada metres, not now extant. The Renaissance in Sanskrit of the second to seventh centuries A.D. gave an impetus to the development of a classical Kannada literature; the diction, the metres, the ideas, the subject matter and the literary forms are all sanskritised and the folk-poetry, the *Onakevadus* (ಒನಕೆವಾಡು), songs of the Buddhists, perhaps, at first and of the Jains led to a great cultivation of the language and the first great outburst of poetry on classical lines began with Amoghavarsa Nripatunga in the ninth century and within a century of this, our first great poet, one of our greatest, appeared in Pampa (941). A brilliant period of Jain writers followed till about the middle of the twelfth century, when the second great outburst occurred, inspired by the great Virasaiva Reformer Basava. The Jains continued to write, but the future was with the followers of the new religion. A real revolution was created in the sympathy and support extended to the native idioms and metres and evolution of new metres, welded to native music; the themes were confined to the sports of Shiva and the heroic lives of the saints (Saranas)—all addressed to the people at large. There was a through democratic upheaval. Vacanas were written by over two to three hundred of the Saranas led by the great leaders like Basava, Cenna Basava, Allama Prabhu, Siddharama and Akka Mahadevi, spreading the universal truths of religion and the special tenets of the Virasaiva creed. The earliest and greatest of the poets in this time is Harihara of Hampe (c. 1200). Another

300 years and the next wave of great poetry followed with Kumara Vyasa, whose name is associated with the god Viranarayana of Gadag. These were the palmy days of the Vijayanagara Kings, and the reorganisation of the three Brahmin schools of philosophy-Advaita, Visistadvaita and Dvaita. This fresh impetus was exhausted after the fall of the “Never-to-be-forgotten” Empire and the Muses kept on harping a minor note at the courts of the Palyagars, and in petty local Mutts, but no new creative inspiration came, and when the British entered upon the scene and took a hand in empire-building, Karnataka lost its life’s freedom, its integrity was shattered and the song died out of its heart and the light out of its eyes.

The present map of Karnataka (a mere name, the ghost of the glory that was, waiting to be re-born) is a sad reminder that the Kannada people have no common administration to unite them, that the Kannada language has broken up into different dialects, that the old classical literature of the country is lost to its people, and that the Sanskrit scholarship that fed the flame is dying. Though the new English learning and inspiration are moving on the face of the waters and a new spirit is aboard, no life is begotten yet in the hearts of the people, and in their language and literature. In the words of the English poet, Karnataka is,

> Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
> The other powerless to be born.

But the new learning, while it killed much, ringing down the curtain on the old age, started a new ferment and made men wistful, straining after new horizons, bathing in new springs, and harking back with purged eyes to the ancient pride and glory of their forefathers—the wonderful romance of the dear old Kannada Nadu and of the mother of them all-Bharata Mata, the vestal virgin of the sacred fire.

Nursed by the new, dreaming of the old, the Kannada movement arose. All over India, the re-birth, the new Renaissance spread, the new springs of patriotism swelled into a religion of Mother India-*Vanda Mataram.* Full of dissatisfaction and yet pride in the old, devotion and yet aversion to the new, men’s hearts divided and pulled in many directions, all dimly bound on some new quest, making for some unattainable shore—grasping the golden bird and yet losing it-hoping and hopeless—the new India and its provinces toss on a sea of tempest, on a voyage of adventure, greatly daring, conspiring with fate to shatter the old world to bits and remould it nearer to the heart’s desire! And the Kannada Movement shares with the sister languages all this fervour, and striving and excitement of the spirit’s freedom-freedom to think, and so feel, and to shape—to gather and build, to enrich and fulfil, to bring to the highest and lowest in the lap of the Mother—for there is a little as well as big Mother-and who can tell if the little one is not the dearer and sweeter-to bring to all a “new heaven and new earth.” The Kannada flag has been unfurled and the cry gone out—“ಸಿರಿಗನ್ನಡಂ ಗೆಲ್ಗೆ, ಕನ್ನಡ ತಾಯ್ ಬಾಳ್ಗೆ!”

For the last fifty years after the rendition in Mysore, which preserves the throne in the Karnatak, the movement has been gaining in momentum and today it has originated itself, fully conscious of its aims, of the difficulties in the way, of its own strength and alas, weaknesses, but determined never to submit an yield, but fight on

till the goal is reached. Work is being done on all fronts-it has its cultural and literary side, its social and religious rethinking, its economic and political striving, its revivalistic and revolutionary aspects, its women and depressed class uplift, its literacy and village re-construction campaigns-in brief the All-India movement is reflected and reproduced in every nook and corner of the land. Yong and old are in it-the older, the younger in heart, feeling, as Wordsworth once felt, the bliss of being young and alive in the dawn of freedom, and called upon to exercise their skill—

………………………………Not is Utopia
But in the very world, which is the world
Of all of us-the place where in the end
We find our happiness or not at all!

Some of the more important aspects of the cultural and literary movement, which is putting heart and vision into the Kannadiga, may be considered. Tribute must be paid first, to the new journalism. This started very early and though many papers had short lives and fell like leaves in winter, new ones keep coming up and at present at least a dozen veterans stand guard over the land-furnishing latest news, variety of views, and voicing the hopes and fears of the masses and classes-all tending to unity and freedom, fashioning a new, modern language on the anvil of day-to-day needs, and very nearly removing that isolation of dialects which was a barrier to inter-provincial sympathy and communion. Each part of the far-flung but disrupted Karnataka has its leading daily and high-class periodical and the reading-rooms provide for the Kannadiga of every part the contact so necessary to build up the new united Karnataka. The very names of some of these journalistic ventures is significant: *Visva-Karnataka,* (all Karnataka), *Samyukta Karnataka* (United Karnataka), *Jaya Karnataka,* (Vivtorious Karnataka), *Prabuddha Karnataka* (awakened Karnataka), *Taruna Karnataka* (Young Karnataka), *Taynadu* (the Mother country), *Kannada Nudi* (the Kannada tongue).

Next, at a higher level come the enormous labour and efforts of scholars ot edit and study and assess, the merits and defects of the old classical literature of Kannada, that harvest of a thousand years, of which mention was made at the beginning of this sketch: The Jaina and the Virasaiva and the Brahmana Sahityas—the *Triveni Sangam* as it has often been picturesquely described. It is almost a rediscovery. For though each sect was no doubt in touch with its leading writers, it is no exaggeration to say that fifty years ago, an educated man in Karnataka hardly knew the names of more than a dozen works and still less did he know what was in them. Now, thanks to the labours of Kittel, Rice, Narasimhachar, Ramanuja Iyengar, the University of Mysore, the Oriental Library and other scholars and institutions in the South and in the North Karnataka country, the whole field of Kannada literature and language lies open to view, its vast extent and variety and perennial and widespread activity, every part contributing, every sect delivering its quota and every village almost having its own little poem, or song or play, or tradition, like its own grove, its own temple, its own lake and its own sky! As we gaze on this garden of our ancestors—what variety, what wealth, what wonder! Campu and satpadi and sangatya, yakshagana and ballad; lordly Sanskrit metres, assimilated and tamed to

the Kannada tune, the sweeter and defter Kannada tunes themselves, re-organised and carried to the doors of the people, suited to the genius of the language and adaptable to every shift and change in the accent, the Purvada Halegannada, Halegannada, Nadugannada and Hosagannada; religion, war, love, folk-story, romance; the *Bharatha,* the *Ramayana,* the *Bhagavata,* Harischandra, Kumararama—all the legendary and historical matter of India and the Karnataka; styles of all grades, simple, natural, artless, homely: rich, ornate, laboured, even tortured, resonant of the best Sanskrit of great and decadent periods, rivaling and beating the guru at his own game; Vastuka, bound hand and foot by law, rule, regulation, precept, model, the dead hand of the past; Varnaka, lighter, freer, happier—by a man of the people for the people; philosophy, creed, lives of the saints, of the heroes—of the three main religions represented in the literature; worldly wisdom, satire, humour, sport; technical sciences, arts and crafts; grammar, lexicon, rhetoric, prosody; kings, generals, ministers, court-pandits, inspired charity boys of the country—side, men and women of all sects and creeds; and to add to these, floating folk poetry, now being collected in Dharwar and Mysore and beginnings being made in the British and Nizam Karnatakas—hardly less valuable than the literature as literature, in variety, dignity and form in verse and prose, in Sanskrit and Prakrit and Kannada of all stages—giving us for the first time a well-documented history of the Kannada country, its dynasties, its culture, its customs, its village heroes and mahasatis, and its remarkable toleration for all faiths and schemes of life. All this vast material is being edited, sifted, researched into and thrown as ideas and inspiration into the new life that is surging up. Practically all the great and representative writers are now available in print: about a hundred of them may be studied by any eager student of Kannada literature: Pampa, Ranna, Nagachandra, Janna, Ratnakara; the great Vacanakaras, Harihara, Raghavanka, Chamarasa, Bhima, Virupaksha, Sadaksari; Kumara vyasa, Kumara Valmiki, Nityatma Suka, Chikkadeva raja Wadiyar, Thirumalarya, Honnamma, Lakshmisa, Sarvajna;-- all these are being studied in schools and colleges, not in any sectarian spirit or with any sectarian preference, but as *Kannada,* as the spirit of the great sons and daughters of the Kannada Mother. The best of them are being abridged and made easier for students and readers among the people: lectured upon and analysed: criticised—with one eye on the old standards for which the works were written—and another on present-day tastes and views and needs—the historical and real estimates mingled in a catholicity of outlook. The pandits are contributing their scholarship of the past and the English-educated are adding their world view-point and progressive move into the future.

That leads us to the next point: the clash between the old and the new. Fanaticism has appeared in both camps, but the genius for toleration and progress that is the special feature of Kannada culture has on the whole reconciled the two strains of thought and the tide has turned in favour of creation and recreation rather than mere imitation and conservative holding on to the past. A new taste and standard has triumphed under the influence of English and the great creative Sanskrit of the golden ages. The best of Kannada has of course been the predominant partner in this work of assimilation. Things are being re-assessed. Translations from Sanskrit,

English, Greek, Mahratti, Bengali, Telugu—from anywhere and everywhere are pouring in. One is reminded of the Englishmen's piracy or loot of all *ElDorados* before Spenser and Shakespeare rose on the horizon—"like God's own head". Kannada is expectant, with the thrill of the world-writer to come. Poetry is mostly lyrical—as suits a critical, reflective, revolutionary age—but longer flights are already on the wing. Drama—the one empty niche in our literature—one knows not, why; Sanskrit had drama: our villages so love their plays, (ಆಟ)—is now a reproach removed: social and problem plays, historical and tragical plays, pouranic and heroic plays, comedy and farce, one act play—all are in evidence. And translations are heaped up here too: from Shakespeare to Ibsen.

The most important change is however in the realm of prose. The old literature looked to poetry for its prizes. Prose was very subordinate—good enough for a commentary, a hand book of summary, an occasional fire works in Campu. The Vacanas, indeed, are a remarkable exception in this as in other matters: clear, terse, going straight to the mark, like an arrow: eloquent, fiery, pathetic, satirical—the outpouring of a sincere heart that was earnest to "save" by communication. But real business-like prose comes from English. And the choice of diction, minting of new words, structure of sentence and paragraph, the graces of style—all these are the work of the "graduate". And every form of prose is being added in abundance: Novel, Short-story, Essay, History, Biography, Criticism, Science, Travel, Fun. One of the things the country is agog about is a common vocabulary of scientific terms for India. Battles are being waged round coining, Sanskrit resources and downright international borrowing.

In the field of pure literature poetry, drama and prose, the vocabulary is fairly well developed and sufficient. But even here, experiments are being carried out in metre, style, form and subject-matter. The spirit and outlook are modern. The old religious note is gone: "religion, not religions" is now the cry, life, not creeds and cobwebs. The natural, the human, the homely, the living romance—are the watchwords. A reading public, democratic, and freedom-loving, and with a happy sense of curiosity and accommodation, is growing up and attempts are being made to cater to them by large number of writers and publishers.

We may next refer to the organization and conscious direction of the whole ferment into new channels: the academies and the associations maintained by Governments and the people, doing propaganda, using the Movement as a *Movemen.* A net-work of Kannada Sanghas has now sprung up in the leading cities and centres: there may be, on a rough estimate, about 200 to 250 of them: many of them affiliated to the Literary Academy (Parisht) at Bangalore, an all-Karnataka institution, with a definite constitution and programme, represented by four different regional committees. The Kannada Sahitya Parishat celebreated its Silver Jubilee in June1940, and the celebrations were inaugurated by the late Maharaha, His Highness Sri Krishanraja Wadiyar Bahadur of blessed memory (It was alas, his last public appearance). Another well-known literary institution is the Karnataka Vidyavardhaka Sanga at Dharwar, which is looking forward to the Festival of its Golden Jubilee shortly. The Mythic Society, Bangalore has devoted itself to historical and cultural

research chiefly bearing on Karnataka antiquities. The Universities of Madras and Bombay (which kept a place for vernacular studies and produced all the earlier scholars of Kannada and inspired them with local patriotism) and more recently the universities of Mysore and Hyderabad are doing everything possible for study and research in the Kannada field and their contribution to the Kannada movement must always be gratefully acknowledged. The Mysore University in particular has a Kannada publication Committee, and Extension lectures scheme, and has on hand an English-Kannada Dictionary, a great need of those who think in English. But the duties of the universities are wider and vaster and they have not been able to concentrate on the culture and language of the people yet. The Chambers of Commerce, the Provincial Congress Committee, and such other bodies help in the development of a common outlook, a common patriotism, in Karnataka and are undoubtedly part and parcel of the Kannada movement-which visualizes not merely the spirit of man but also the daily bread and wealth and power. Indeed the unity of the Karnataka under one administration will solve many scattered problems and knit the threads into one and give a great impetus to the moral and intellectual activities. The spirit makes the body, no doubt, but the body houses the spirit and lends it blood and limbs to work with and live and conquer.

The time seems to be getting ripe for the unification of the Kannada language and culture and the unification of the Kannada country. The literary movement reacts on the political movement and *vice Versa.* Memories of over two thousand years of common life and culture, the glories of church and state, the rich legacy of material and spiritual wealth, the blending of many peoples, the needs of the present, the visions of the future combine to inspire the Kannada man to sacrifices for the unity of his part of India, so that with an India organized into about fifteen or twenty well-knit linguistic provinces, the fight for a richer and broader life of freedom for all may go on in all parts, disciplined and drilled into mighty armies, with pride in themselves and pride for all, with devotion as was said above for the big mother as well as the little mother. The Kannada Movement is filtering down and will soon be a mass movement. It is their lives, their needs, their aspirations that are at stake. For them was the movement started, carried on and now speeded up to its culmination. Projects of irrigation come into the movement, the desire for harbours, the pooling of economic resources, all Karnataka enterprises; a common university, common medium of instruction in schools, common text books, a common research; communities now cut into shreds will gather together and become consolidated groups—the Jainas, the Madhvas, the Virasaivas: they will be welded in a common home. The model state will be re-modelled: Karnataka will no longer be an abode of “slaves” and “double slaves”—it is not that even now, but some feel so acutely—but will be the grand home of a “Crowned republic”—“a land of freedom, broadening down from precedent to precedent” –where prince and people can harmonise and socialize each other, with “a rich and saving common-sense,” avoiding “the falsehood of extremes”. As this work proceeds, difference will vanish: the dream will yield place to the realisaiton. A common allegiance now cultural will develop into the political, too; and the ship will

have been launched on its new voyage with God at the helm and reconciled man as the crew.

The old empires broke up: even Vijayanagara broke up. Not without cause. May we learn by the bitter lessons of the past! Never again shall we divide ourselves and let others rule. Never shall the re-united Karnataka be a house divide againstd itself neither the soil nor the children of the soil. As one dreams of this transfiguration to be, one recollects that the mantle of Vijayanagara has fallen on the House of Mysore. One's blood pulses quicker as the gracious image of the Royal Saint "even in a palace life may be led well." Said the Roman Emperor—rises in the mind's eye—the full embodiment of all the piety, and all the learning and all the service to the people, and all the patronage to culture that has been the common characteristic of our long line of kings. *Nalumadi Krishna* lived with God and toiled for his people. He led all progressive movements and blessed the Kannada movement with his last breath. The young Maharaja, named of victory of a world-war against evil forces, belongs to a band of pious, learned, progressive patriots, whose motto is "I serve"—"I uphold Truth." He is the hope of a hopeful generation: a people filled with faith in themselves. Two great festivals stand out in the people's imagination, that gathered them together in a common enthusiasm and for a common purpose. One was the celebration at Hampe of 600 years' memorial of Vijayanagara. The other, the Silver Jubilee of the Kannada Sahitya Parishat, inaugurated by the late Sri Krishnaraja Wadeyar, accompanied by the present Maharaja, Sri Jayachamaraja Wadiyar, then Adhyaksa of the Parishat. The whole of Karnataka was represented on both occasions. The future is on the knees of the Gods, no doubt, but man, surely, can lend a helping hand and win.

[*The Quarterly Journal of the Mythic Society, Vol. XXXI, -iii, iv, January 1940]*

KANARESE LITERATURE

We have great pleasure in welcoming Mr. Rice's book as an attempt to give the Kannada people a real history of their literature as distinguished from mere catalogue and chronology. It is, of course, based on the labours of Dr.Kittel, Mr. Lewis Rice and Mr. R. Narasimhachar, and other scholars in the field of Kannada language and literature, as well as South Indian antiquities generally. "Without their researches this book could not have been written"—(Preface). But it is no mere compendium that we have before us: the writer has avoided the easy method of enumerating "a long series of little known writers" (Preface), and taken the study a step forward by treating the literature as a product of the Kannada people, in relation to their religious, political and cultural history. He groups the writers effectively—even including the Sanskrit writers who lived in the Kannada country—and relates them to their environment and background; the centres of influence where the standard works were written, the kings that patronized, the legends and beliefs, and the successive development in religion—the Jaina, the Lingayat and the Vaishanava—and the modern impact of Western

culture and religion. The purely linguistic side has not been ignored. There is just enough reference to the Dravidian family of languages, the periods and dialects of Kannada, the alphabet, the inscriptions, and a few remarks by the way on prosody and literary forms. A map of the Kannada country and an old inscription have been added. More important than these, at the end an attempt is made to estimate the literary value of the whole body of writings, its merits are sifted from its defects, and suggestions offered on the right use and influence of the new culture of the West in developing a new literature in Kannada. On the whole, it is refreshing to find the material handled on right lines, with the result that an excellent first book has been produced on the subject.

Good as we find the book to be, we should like to offer a few suggestions for the next edition, practically all the main facts on the subject so far established by research have been gathered into the book, but we miss the note of authoritative and independent scholarship. There is no real criticism, worth the name, of individual writers of the first rank. Where the material was full in the authorities used, the present book is full: as in the Ancient period, and to some extent the Mediaval. But full justice is not done, it seems to us, to the Modern period. Books that are no books, the mere atmosphere in which literature develops, are set down as literary works, *e.g.,* educational and departmental publications, commentaries, periodicals (pp. 72-73). The second volume of Mr. Narasimhachar's *Kavicharite* is not yet published, we know, but even with the knowledge at present available the treatment could have been made fuller and more substantial.

The problems of Language and prosody, again, are handled in a hesitating and misleading manner. "Dr. Kittel notes four stages in the history of the language during the past thousand years—viz., Ancient, Mediaeval, Transitional and Modern" (p.10). And we are referred to his *Dictionary,* where we have a division into three periods. The fact is, Mr. Lewis Rice, on the strength of a few early inscriptions, suggests a Primitive Ancient Kannada Period (*Purvada Halagannada).* And we seem to have in the view quoted above a desire to accommodate both writers. Only three periods are generally accepted, and if there is to be a revision we should personally desire to reduce the periods to two, rather than extend them to four, treating the Mediaeval as a transitional or mixed stage which has few distinguishing characteristics to be ranked as a separate period. On the same page, the statement that "Ancient Kanarese does not always denote an obsolete form of the language" is ambiguous and misleading. Ancient Kannada as a spoken language is obsolete; it may, of course, still be written by learned authors, who might use archaic forms or the whole archaic idiom. The history of prosody again hardly gets the attention it deserves. A remark or two is made, incidentally and at secondhand. On page 13, the Shatpadi is characterised as "monotonous"—in contrast, we suppose, to the Sanskrit metres of the Champus. We should have expected an English writer to appreciate a genuine native metre, evolved by the genius of the language, gradually displacing the foreign metres, and handled by the great masters of modern Kannada with a music and a varied harmony that has enchanted the hearts of all Kannada people. The origin and development of this freer metrical rhythm should have aroused the curiosity of a scholar, but we only get the

traditional story that it was "invented" by Raghavanka (pp. 43, 83). And the fact that the *Sabdamanidarpana* (1260) does not refer to the shatpadi is used to solve the question whether the Lingayat writings began about 1160 (according to Mr. Narasimhachar) or about 1260 (according to Mr. Lewis Rice), by no means a safe method of proof.

A few errors of detail may now be noticed. On p.52 *Jiva Sambodhana* is said to be "addressed to a certain Jivana" –an obscure individual, apparently; it is addressed to the *Jiva* or the soul. On p. 73 *Panchali Parinaya* a play is referred to as *Panchala Parinaya* in novel form. On p. 29 a misunderstanding in the text of *Kavichrite,* Part I, which has been cleared up in the Appendix, is repeated: that Nagavarma is thought by some to be a younger brother of Chamunda Raya. On p. 62 *Rajasekhara Vilasa* is described as a "specimen of fiction in verse, "which gives a wrong impression. It is certainly not a fiction like *Lilavati,* which the writer calls "the earliest specimen of the novel or genuine work of fiction" in Kannada verse. It is, on the other hand, an elaboration of the subject matter of *Bhava Chinta Ratna,* which is "the Saiva legend of the pious king Satyendra Chola" (p. 49). On p. 62 the date of Lakshmisa is left uncertain, without any reference to the upper limit offered by Lakshmisa's imitation of quite a number of verses from *virupaksha (1585).* Finally, there is the phrase on p. 26—"the earliest author of which we have information"—a bad slip.

One other point we feel bound to notice in fairness to the people of this country. A Christian writer, dealing with a literature that is essentially religious and legendary, naturally judges from his own standpoint, and we heartily welcome all criticism that is fair and makes us see ourselves as others see us. Such a judicial and fair attitude has on the whole been maintained by the writer, but we cannot help wishing that the following charitable sentiment, on p. 57, had been suppressed: "In South India…it was Krishna and his mistress, Radha, that gained by far the widest devotion. This is matter for regret, as the sensual imagery used by the votaries of Krishna has degraded religious conceptions, and introduced into the homes and minds of the people a most pernicious element from which the worship of Rama is free."

We love Kannada, and should like to see Mr. Rice's book acceptable to everyone who has the interests of our language at heart. We congratulate him on the excellent addition he has made to the few books we possess on the subject, and unhesitatingly recommend it to the general reading public, and specially to the undergraduates of our University.

[Author: E.P.Rice, Pb: The Heritage of India Series, Calcutta; *The Mysore University Magazine* Vol, III, February 1919]

THE STUDY OF ENGLESH LETERATURE

We have rarely come across a treatise which in so small a compass packs so many valuable suggestions on the principles and method of studying literature as that

of Mr. Macpherson, a new edition of which is now issued. The author is inspired by a genuine love of literature as literature and is never tired of insisting that literature is life, that it is art, and that art is in the words of George Gissing, “an expression, satisfying and abiding, of the zest of life.” At the very outset, the essential function of literature, viewed from the stand point of its subject matter is stated to be --- “to enlarge the scope of our ideas and sympathies, to enrich and develop our human nature, to teach us to see and appreciate rightly the varied spectacle and drama of life” and again at the end of the book—“It is as a human study, appealing not merely to the intellect but to our whole human nature, that literature excels……..To perceive the beauty of literature or of any work of art, is implicitly to increase our sympathy with, and reverence for, humanity, is to be drawn closer to, and united with other men. The study of literature is therefore, in the most literal sense of the word, a *humane* study, and it may be claimed that, regarded thus, as one of ‘the humanities,’ it stands facile princes among all the subjects of the School Curriculum.” Holding this liberal view of the nature and function of literature, the writer addresses himself to the question of the proper method of studying it. He is specially thinking of teachers and pupils in “secondary and continuation schools”—our collegiate high schools we may say—and his chief aim is “to show how English literature, as it appears in the work of the best writers, may be effectively studied and rightly appreciated.”

The first six chapters contain the kernel of the book: they formed infact the whole book as it appeared in the first edition. With the principles of study setforth in this part we are in thorough agreement, we are first treated to the “logical” and the ‘psychological’ basis of literary study—in other words what the teacher should know on his subject, and, what is more important, how he should get his pupils to assimilate that knowledge. Then, in chapter II, we have the general method—to read the book rapidly and get a view of the whole: dwelling as we go along on the subject-matter or content, the form or structure, the style, and the imaginative atmosphere of the work. The author, we are glad to note, has a hearty dislike of annotated editions; he does not want an English classic, like Hamlet’s marriage tables, “coldly furnished forth” with stale fragments of grammatical and philological information. And he does not approve of a slow and fragmentary detailed study of passage after passage in the text. “The mode of reading books in school should not be absolutely divorced from the mode in which books are read out of school. The teacher, then, must read the book rapidly and read it expressively-for he is assumed to have cultivated the art of reading aloud –and direct the attention of the pupils to whatever bears on the content, form and atmosphere of the work, and to those things only.

The content or subject-matter of a literary work is living reality, “some aspect of the universe which will appeal to the reader as being real and vital.” Under Form are included structure and style. The structure, though it differs in different kinds of literature, is in essence the same—“the suitable adaptation of means to an end”; the artistic purpose of the writer moulding the work as a whole and in each of its parts. The style follows the same law; it also is moulded by the subject matter. “In the highest literature the word and the idea are fused and united with absolute justice; the right word, the happy phrase, is struck out in the mind of the writer as a spark of fire is

struck from a flint." The third element in literature is its atmosphere—the product of the artist's temperament and all his experience brought to bear on the subject-matter. Here again though there is an infinite variety depending on the personality of each writer and the possibilities of each subject, the general essence of it is always the same: "Like the essential principle underlying the outward form of literature, it too consists in the adaptation of means to an end, worked out here in obedience to a fine sense of aesthetic fitness and harmony". Thus "the three aspects of literature as a subject of study—its content, its form, and its appeal to the imagination—must always be considered as being in close and necessary relation to one another."

Having indicated the main line of approach, the study of the work of art as an organic whole, the author next applies his principles, in successive chapters, to the study of different forms of literature-Fiction, the Essay, Lyric Poetry, Drama and Narrative Poetry. These chapters contain some useful hints for class-teaching, but we are already confronted here with the spirit of specialization, which seems to have dictated the latter half of the book, the newly added matter in this second and enlarged edition. In these new chapters, we have a plea for recognizing speeches as literature and for cultivating the art of reading to convey our literary appreciation. There are, further, suggestions for studying the "descriptive touch and imagery," in literature and for selecting text-books and planning courses of study for elementary and advanced stages. For instance, in framing the course, we are told to consult the principle of Variety and Interest, the principle of Thoroughness, the principle of Correlation, (literature having obvious natural affinities with composition and history) and last but not always, the principle of Chronology. Authors may also be chosen with a view to comparison and contrast and translations of foreign classics need not be ignored.

Throughout this second half of the book and even in places in the first half, we are afraid that the author is making concessions, however reluctantly, to the specialist and his method of studying literature. Needless to say, a good teacher knows a great many things about his subject which he does not put before his class at all; or he knows how to bring comments and explanations, matters of biography and literary history, critical principles and opinions, into relation with the human and personal interest of the artist work. But the more these matters are obtruded on the class in set and formal lessons as so much "learning" that they ought to carry in their head, the more they are in danger of losing touch with the moral truth and human passion which the great authors know how to put into their subject with largeness, sanity and beauty. Perhaps we are one sided, but we have suffered under such treatment and we frankly confess that we do not at all believe in these attempts at compromise two mutually destructive methods of study. A second reading of the text to drive the impressions home and consolidate results is of course quite as essential as the first general reading, but to devote this second reading to detailed and intensive study of linguistic details and metrical peculiarities, or to hold up the work of the master as model and hints for the essay-writing of the pupil, is merely to obliterate the good effects of the first reading and to make the pupil hate as a text book, the book which he had come to love as the voice of an inspired soul. To go still further, and to recommend, as the

author recommends, for class-work and home-work, purely formal and mechanical written excercises; tabular statements of analysis with chapter and verse; collections of obsolete words, figures of speech, and grammatical or metrical peculiarities; writing of notes on paragraph-structure and special features of style; phonetic study of melody and rhythm, vowel and consonant music, alliteration and assonance; supplying ellipsis or completing similies in descriptive passages taken from great writers—to try in short, as we are told we ought to try, "to take out of literature all that the study of it is able to give" is to set the student to grind the mill of "discipline", for a little, a very little flour with which to feed his hungry spirit.

And we must remember that all this "intensive" study is to benefit the pupil at the high school stage. And we have a strong suspicion that the author no more believes in all this formidable dry-as-dust discipline than we do. Again and again in the midst of his analytical apparatus, he becomes apologetic. In one place, he warns us that, "in classess of younger pupils the discussion of linguistic or literary details should be avoided." In another place, "intensive study of literature is very often pernicious-as a rule, the younger our pupils the less detailed should be our treatment and in many cases we ought to rely on expressive reading alone." And again, "it has been thought well to err in the direction of over-fulness rather than paucity of suggestion, since the greater the number of suggestions, the greater is the probability that some at least may meet with the reader's approval." But the result of this multiplicity of suggestions is to mislead the teacher of young boys. He will be afraid of being considered "superficial" and hasten to become "thorough". So he begins to spell culture in the German manner and fraternizes with the enemy. So in his hands the study of literature is to be liberal *and* special, literary *and* scientific-both a drudgery and a delight. But can it? We have it on sound authority that no man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. And we want to hold to and love literature as inspiration and joy, not as tabulation and research. That does not mean elegant trifling, for intellectual discipline is surely added to one who seeks first a liberal study. And the training of the intellect comes in at so many doors—and surely we might leave something for the teacher of the optional subjects, and sciences to do? And something to God?

Specially mischievous is the insistence of detailed study in this country. The Indian student has so many interests to cultivate, and English Language and Literature, though one of the most important, is, after all, one. He wants to learn to speak and write English and assimilate the great ideas and national spirit embodied in English Literature. And he cannot drudge at English. He is set some books for detailed study and some for non-detailed; and he wonders what the distinction exactly is and he can never understand what is demanded of him by that mysterious order, "Annotate". In the class, he finds that bit by bit the next book is read through and explained, takes notes and remembers—or forgets. He does not make, or is not taught to make, any effort to take a broad and intelligent view, to relate the matter of the text to the life of the past or the present, to grasp the work as a whole in its artistic embodiment or literary workmanship. I am not thinking so much of delicacies of style and form as of the general design, the main aim and the spirit of the writer. I wonder

whether by making this distinction between detailed and non-detailed study, we are not encouraging a too painful and a too careless reading of books; in either case missing the golden mean of an intelligent and liberal study in touch with general life and culture.

[Author: William Macpherson, M.A., pb: Cambridge University Press; *The Mysore University Magazine,* Vol. IV, March 1920]

THE CLARENDON SERIES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

This is an admirable series of class books, presenting in single short volmes “a representative selection from the greatest authors, together with the best criticism of their work.” The plan not only reduces to minimum the usual editorial occupation of elaborating the introduction to the writer, but provides the student with good material for independent judgment, comparing critic with critic and, what is far more important, testing the critic by immediate reference to the author. With the help of these volumes criticism and text need not be studied apart.

The series was well inaugurated by *Millton: Poetry and Prose, with essays by Johnson, Hazlitt and Macaulay,* an excellent volume which our English Board of Studies has already captured for the undergraduate. The epic sublimity and architectonic grandeur of Milton are, perhaps, better appreciated in the mass than by sample, but Wordsworth is a poet made for selection and gaining by it immensely, as Arnold pointed out long ago. His prose, also, has more vital connection with his poetry than Milton’ s discussing as it does the theories and aims underlying his poetic practice, whereas the latter is mainly occupied with political disputes and liberty’s defence and only occasionally touches upon the poet’s literary studies and ambitions. Poetry, and poet’s prose and critics,’ very happily illustrate each other in this volume.

The selections from Wordsworth’s poems, given in chronological order, are fairly representative, containing the usual favourites of the Wordsworth-lover. Of course, a lover would not be a lover if he did not insist upon his own favourites, and we confess to a feeling that *The ode on Collins* and *The old Cumberland Begger* might well have made room for, say, the *Poet’s Epitaph,* with its splendid description of the poet himself, or the *Sparrow’s Nest,* in which he pays that handsome tribute to his sister Dorothy who gave him so much. We would have tackled on to the *Cuckoo,* that awakener of mystery, the later *Mountain Echo,* “answering to the shouting Cuckoo”—“like, but oh! How different! “ But we are quite pleased with the present selection, and understand that a few of the minor glories are there to represent certain stages and sides of Wordsworth.

Among the prose specimens, there is an extract from the Convention of Cintra to relate to the sonnets dedicated to Liberty and National Independence and to remind the reader that Wordsworth was not a mere recluse, dreaming on Nature, but a fiery

heart, crying out for the regeneration of man, not in Utopia but here, in the very world of all of us, where in the end we find our happiness or not at all! And there is his letter to Lady Beaumont, in which the "Prophet of delight and mirth, ill-requited upon earth," assures her –"My ears are stone-dead to this idle buzz….I doubt not that you will share with me an invincible confidence that my writing will co-operate with the benign tendencies in human nature and society wherever formed; and that they will in their degree, be efficacious in making men wiser, better and happier." Bold prophecy, so happily fulfilled!

[*Wordsworth: Poetry and prose, with Essays by Coleridge, Hazlitt and De Quincey*—Edited by : Nichol Smith, pb: Clarendon Press, Oxford; *The Mysore University Magazine,* Vol. V. September 1921]

TRAINING IN LITERARY APPRECIATION

This is an excellent book for the bdginner. Within 200 pages, the author has managed not only to compress the most essential points about rhetoric and criticism, but also to append to each chapter a list of illustrative reading and a number of exercises. In addition, at the end, he has a good list of books for reference and further study and some general questions on the whole subject. At the very start, under contents, he has supplied a careful summary of the main principles of the book.

With all this, there is no feeling of crowding. The style is simple, and concrete, and the principles stand out clearly being illustrated with very fine quotation from classical and contemporary writers. Remarks in appreciation always command assent, not being far-fetched or too refined. There is no sign of pedantry any where. Two of the writer's quotations, which cannot be easily forgotten, may serve as specimens of his careful choice: One, from Kinglake's *Eothen,* suggesting monotony :

"Yes pass over broad plains—you pass over newly-reared hills—you pass through valleys dug out by the last week's storm and the hills and valleys are sand, still, and only sand, and sand, and sand again."

Another from Hutton's *Cities of Spain,* provides an instance of sublime reticence—(some one spat on the tomb of a saint) –"We have forgiven him. If you will, senor, we will pray for him, and for us all, because—is it not so? –where one who is in trouble is left unaided, there passes an excecutioner; and where two or three are gathered together in unkindness, there is the Inquisition. As we knelt, I saw him wipe away the mark of scorn from the grave with the sleeve his colak."

We must give an idea of the contents of the book. There are the usual questions of rhetoric, style and form, briefly dealt with: figures of speech, the choice word, rhythm, suggestive and musical values of words and sounds, definition and forms of prose and poetry, and occasional references to literary history. The higher graces of literature and the moot points of literary criticism are given more elaborate; treatment, with due notice of difference of opinion. It is really this part of the book that the Indian student would profit most by; he would learn to look out for, and judge for himself, artistic effects. Here are the principles of unity and contrast, of proportion and

harmony, of personality and style, of the provinces of prose and poetry, of the gulf between fine writing and sublimity. And in preface, in introductory chapter, and wherever he gets a chance, the author insists on the reader doing his bit. His is no passive part; he must be active; he must cultivate his literary conscience; he must be tolerant and catholic in taste. He is not to admire by proxy; enter into other people's labours. Others may go before and point the way, but he must follow. He must learn to be sincere, allowing neither tradition nor fashion to have undue sway.

A few more remarks of the author will confirm his sane out-look on literature. Appreciation is akin to creation.—Literature, like life, is not to be defined; it defines the foot-rule.—Lyrics are the expression of the poet's personal feelings, but they are of interest to us all because those very feelings of intense joy, bitter sorrow, deep passion and tender regret clamour loudest for expression are common to humanity and knit us all together. –The man who ordinarily scorns poetry finds that when he requires its solace, it is not forthcoming.—Again and again in these pages it has been urged that contrast, rhythm and verse-forms, assonance, consonanace and figures of speech, are not in true literature, superficial ornaments or exhibitions of verbal jugglery; they are rather the results that arise naturally and inevitably from the harmony wrought by spirit between mind and matter, and spirit is but another name for personality. If the resultant expression is not sincere, then it has no claim to be called literature. The idea that reading turns a man into a bookworm, and unfits him for the practical duties of life, is as baseless as the kindred notion that literature is opposed to life.

Yes, literary education is on its defence to-day, but it will endure.

[Author : F.H. Pritchard, Harrap, pb: P.T.I Agency, Bangalore; *The Mysore University Magazine,* Vol. VI, July 1922]

THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH IN INDIA

The problem of English is still with us and Indians approach it in a variety of moods. There are those who would banish it altogether-nursed on the pure milk of patriotism. Others, wiser (as they think), would confine the evil thing within narrow limits, and enthuse on the vernacular medium and the vernacular glory (potential); --and are in hot haste to experiment –on the rather sound principle of doing to-day what could perhaps be done only tomorrow. Some there are, still left,--left behind? Mildly regretting any lessening of the influence and spread of one of the finest of languages and literatures, and still hoping that better and wiser counsels will ultimately prevail and that India will settle down free, and friendly, to a closer union with England and English. So we still want English, and donot always got it.

The problem, no doubt, is one for Indians to solve for themselves, but we may still learn from an Englishman, specially, if he happens to be, as Mr. Wyatt is, absolutely free from any racial or national, bias, rather sympathetic to Indian needs and aspirations than otherwise, and an educational expert, and principal of a training college. He has read widely in the literature of the subject and strives to avoid the

extremes of the methods of bygone days, with grammar, paraphrase, translation, general exercises and readers and the more recent principles, fads and fallacies of the so-called direct method and pictures and composition, intensive study and miscellaneous cursory reading. He discriminates, picking out whatever is economic, practical, efficient in either school of teaching, the only real Direct Method, as he calls it, driving straight to the goal, with the least waste of time or effort or interest. The book is addressed to University Professors, Directors of Public Instructions, Head Master or Teachers of English in High and Elementary Schools, and the Indian Public, in general, interested in education. Without following the writer into all his details and suggestions, his strictures on examinations, and specimen question papers, new style, and hints on how to cure stammering (in an appendix) for an educational treatise by a specialist should be exhaustive and leave nothing to be pointed out by the reviewer-the reviewer has no hesitation in recommending this book to English teachers, for they will find in it a great deal with which they will be in hearty agreement and not a little to stimulate fresh thinking and experimenting. For whatever the shortcomings of examinations and schemes of study and students, no earnest teacher of English, who believes in English, can be satisfied with the result she is at present obtaining by his teaching.

Mr. Wyatt warns us against pitching the standard too high and sets before the high school teacher a modest but clear aim. It is: " to send forth the pupil at the end of his school course able to dispense with the teacher's aid in conversing, speaking, understanding, reading and writing enough English to serve him in his ordinary social intercourse and in the college lecture room." In another place, he adds : "and *trained* in consulting books of reference on school subjects." He is not very keen on "ability to make a speech of oratorical or literary flavour before and audience."

His main principles and methods and demands for reform are set forth in accordance with this aim. The English teacher in the early stages is never to notice that he thinks that a resort to the vernacular, need not in neglect the vernacular (We are glad to itself be a fall from grace). If the vernacular teacher were really better qualified than he is, he could be trusted to teach much of the arts and laws of the language, which after all are common for all languages; but this work has now to be undertaken by the English teacher, who must have a good knowledge of the vernacular and co-ordinate wherever possible the two linguistic studies—stress is laid on the oral method, the pupil and not the teacher doing most of the speaking in the class and Readers and Composition being kept for reference and practice. In this connection, Indian writers and Text Book Committees are exhorted to provide suitable text-books for the young pupils: related to Indian life, commanding Indian interest, and in colloquial modern English; --either specially written or adapted from English books. The pupil must feel that the English he is learning is useful to him, that it is worthwhile to learn—A better class of trained teachers should be forth coming: who will not lecture on high literature in grand book style, but have more command over the language of daily conversation, correspondence, and the press. "What the University student acquires is English at once bookish and bare. What the teacher of English requires is the English of speech in its simplest and most useful varieties". Attention

should be paid to accent and the tone of sentences, the latter specially, though "to spend a great deal of time in an endeavour to secure perfect accuracy is not worthwhile." Indians need not pretend to speak quite like Englishmen, ape it, that is.

On one point the writer is firm: insisting again and again that literature and language should be kept distinct. In the early or even high school stage, he is convinced that, "with the majority of pupils, schools and teachers, to attempt to teach literature would be waste of time"—especially, teaching English poetry. His views come out most strongly in the following passage: "We are teaching the pupil in the name of English, two (or more) languages at the same time, the colloquial-the language of daily use-and a literary language, or more than one literary language", if the authors chosen are from different periods. "The only true economy is to teach one language thouroughly, and that must be the language needed in practical life. To aim at literature is to miss the way to language. To aim at language is to pave the way to literature. These two sentences should be learnt by heart by every teacher of English in Indian high schools. Familiarise the pupil with familiar English all along, and you kill two birds with one stone. Aim two stones at the two birds separately and you run a risk of missing both."

If *some* literature and literary appreciation are desired, as perhaps they are desirable, well "*the special approach* to literature should be made through the vernacular or not at all." (One notes again the implied emphasis on better vernacular teachers and one may add the best vernacular, really interesting and vital vernacular, literature being available in well-chosen anthologies and selections). The teaching of literature, to be of value to the pupil, means the introduction of the pupil to the best in thought and expression in the language, his appreciation of the nobility and beauty of what he reads, and the cultivation of the power of appreciation to a higher degree. "Teachers or would-be teachers who donot 'appreciate English Literature' themselves, who are not keenly conscious, that is to say, of delight in the beauty and satisfaction in the truth of anything that they have read or listened to in English, should make no attempt to teach literature to their pupils, but should limit themselves sternly to the teaching of language, because they may be quite certain that pupils will gain nothing by receiving from their teacher what he has not to give, and will be merely mocked by a pretence." So even when the teacher has well chosen literature for high school pupils, he is cautioned not to teach poems which he does not himself appreciate, or which the pupils at that stage cannot appreciate; and also, never "to confuse the learning of minutiale of language, or mere explanations of meanings, or of literary or historical allusions, or a grammatical treatment of a passage, or a learning of the subject matter with the teaching of literature."

Good sentences and well pronounced, as Portia says, heavenly Portia; and as Nerissa adds, they would be better, if well followed. And they can be followed only when literature is not the staple in the high school, the right literature is chosen, and the real lover of English literature stands up to interpret, and not "lecture".

[Author : H. Wyatt, I.E.S. pb: Oxford University Press; *The Mysore University Magazine,* Vol. VII, September 1923]

SHAKESPEARE : THE MAN AND HIS STAGE

Books on Shakespeare are legion, and still they come. The latest is one of the World's Manuals Series, designed "not only to give the special student some idea of the landmarks which will guide him, but also to provide for the general reader who welcomes authoritative and scholarly work, presented in terms of human interest and in a simple style and moderate compass." Of such aim and writing, the present book is an admirable example. Within 128 pages of lucid phrasing are compressed the very pith of Shakespearean scholarship with regard to the life, the personality, the environment and the theatrical achievement of the world's great dramatist.

The outstanding merit of the volume is its sense of fact. There is nothing here of the vague surmises and fanciful castle-building which obscure the known facts about Shakespeare in the bigger biographies. The main points are always supported by carefully selected but fairly representative evidence in the shape of quotations and documents, so that the contemporaries themselves seem to be constructing Shakespeare before our eyes. A more direct appeal to the eye is made by the illustrations-quite a number of them for the size; --portraits and busts of Shakespeare, his house and monument, his patrons, queen Elizabeth and Southampton, his fellow-actors, Burbage and Tarlton, his Globe Theatre, the city of London and its play houses, costumes of the age, the title pages of books, and facsimile of Shakespeare's writing and a specimen page of the First Folio. Thus we have as in a mirror the very form and pressure of the age in which the poet lived and moved and had his being.

We hope the undergraduate will be attracted by some indication of the contents. The book is in four sections. First, the career, the relation to contemporary writers, the probable personal sorrows and disappointments and the general admiration for the man-gentle, sweet, honest—even more than for the works. Next, a vivid account, extracts telling the story, of the spirit and outlook of the age, the manners and customs, the fashions and the tastes, all the brustle and stir of events and personalities, voyages and discoveries in unknown lands and literatures, the culmination of it all in the Renaissance and the Reformation. "For this London of mingled barbarism and culture, refinement and brutality, pagan learning and superstitious ignorance, for this unquiet mixture of races, classes and dialects, the plays of the companies of players, the managers and the money they made, the fate of manuscripts of plays and the structure and the influence of the theatre, the players and the playwrights and their emulations and quarrels. The book closes with the history of Shakespeare's plays till they became the living monument of the First Folio. No aesthetic criticism is attempted, but their dates and their sources of inspiration for style, verse, material and form are briefly touched upon.

The beginner in Shakespeare cannot have a better book to start with. It is, indeed plenty of riches in little room.

[Authors: Lamborn and Harrison, The World's Manuals, pb: Oxford University Press; *The Mysore University Magazine* Vol. VII, September 1923]

WOODROW WILSON'S MESSAGE FOR EASTERN NATIONS

This book contains extracts from the public addresses of the late President Wilson, selected by himself. It is made up of three parts. Part I is the Memorial Address, delivered before a joint session of the two Houses of Congress on December 15, 1924, by Dr. Edwin Anderson Alderman, President of the University of Virginia. It tries to sum up the character and achievements of Wilson. "He was born to fight for the goodness which is at the heart of things," says the eulogist. "Three underlying ideas and purposes, all born of American daring and American experience, guided his mind and drove him on. The first was faith in the whole kindling length and logic of democracy itself-faith in men, faith in the supremacy of spiritual force given new sacredness by what he saw about him of suffering and death. The second was the essential democratic idea of the right of men everywhere to determine their own affairs. The third was the idea of the co-operation of peoples, the partnership of opinion among democratic nations, which once had welded discordant states in a new world into a federal union, and might again weld discordant people in an old world into a parliament of men."

Part II contains seven addresses and extracts, prominent among them being the exposition of "the Fourteen Points," the principle of "Self-determinaiton," and the League of Nations. "What we seek is the reign of law, based upon the consent of the governed, and sustained by the organised opinion of mankind." Again, "We would not dare to compromise upon any matter as the champion of this thing—this peace of the world, this attitude of justice, this principle that we are the masters of no peoples, but are here to see that every people in the world shall choose its own masters and govern its own destinies, not as we wish, but as they wish."

Part III gives the covenant of the League of Nations, which is President Wilson's enduring monument.

In his foreword, the Rt.Hon. V.S. Srinivasa Sastri emphasises the importance of the League and especially the great need for Indians to understand it and support it. "Grim portents forebode the advent of war in the more or less distant future. Heaven forbid that it should be a war between colours, cultures and continents! In view of this dread possibility, it is a blessing that the League should have from the first found room for Asiatic peoples…The education of the East, then, in knowledge of the League, can no longer be postponed."

This little book presents the gospel of the League and its animating principles in the words of the master himself.

[Pb: Association Press, Y.M.C.A, Calcutta; *The Mysore University Magazine,* Vol. X, March 1926]

KARNATAKA KAVIRAJAMARGAM

This is the oldest known Kannada work, which the late Mr. K. B. Pathak edited in 1898 for the Bibliotheca Carnatica Series, published under the direction of Mr. Lewis Rice. Thirty five years after, i.e., in 1933, it still retains that unique distinction and a second edition of the classic, under the auspices of the Madras University, is eagerly to be welcomed by all students of Old Kannada Literature.

In the present edition, the transliterated text in Roman characters is omitted and the room thus found is well utilized for appendices comparing the names of figures of speech in Nripatunga, Dandi and Bhamaha, and supplying the Sanskrit original from Bhamaha and Dandi which have been translated in *Kavirajamarga.* Another appendix collates passages quoted or adapted in Nagavarma's *Chandombudhi,* Kesiraja' s *Sabdamani Darpana,* Bhattakalanka's *Sabdanusasana,* and Nagavarma's *Kavyavalokana.* Others deal with passages proving the author a Jain, and a few *Bandhas* illustrating the text. An alphabetical index of stanzas and a running analysis of the contents and suitable headings are also provided, for which the critical reader is duly thankful. The corrigenda cover eight pages and the different readings are given at the end in two lists and not at the foot of each page of the text. There is, however, no reference in the text to suggest that there are these readings to consider.

It is not clear from the remarks on page xxiv of the preface regarding the mss. Whether the editors had before them any additional mss. besides those on which Mr. Pathak's edition was based. The present editors have evidently followed one of the mss. instead of making up the text from the best readings available.

In the very first stanza, the reading is thus left unsatisfactory, the sense of the sentence being quite incomplete:

ಶ್ರೀ ತಳ್ತುರದೊಳ್ ಕೌಸ್ತುಭ । ಜಾತದ್ಯುತಿ ಬಳಸಿ ಕಾಂಡಪಟದಂತಿರೆ ಸಂ ॥
ಪ್ರೀತಯಿನಾವಗಮಗಲಳ್ । ನೀತಿನಿರಂತರನುದಾರನಾ ನೃಪತುಂಗಂ ॥

Surely, Mr. Pathak's reading of the third line, based on another manuscript, should have been adopted:

……ಅವನನಗಲಳ್.

This is also observable in the following:

(i) p. 5, st. 21—

ಕಾವ್ಯಸ್ವೀಕರಣೋದ್ಯುಕ್ತನಕ್ಕೆ Should, we think, read—ಕಾವ್ಯಶ್ರೀ……

(ii) p. 8, st. 39—

For ಕಿಱುವಕ್ಕಳ್ ಮಾಮೂಗರುಂ read ಕಿಱುವಕ್ಕಳುಮಾ….

(iii) p. 15; st. 72—

ಕೇಡಡಸಿದಂದು ಬಗೆಯಂ । ಮಾಡದು

This should be, ಕೇಡಡಸಿದಂದು ಬಗೆಯುಂ ಕೂಡದು, as is clear from the sense and from the reading in st. 74

(iv) p. 19. st. 91—

ತತ್ಸೇವನೆಯಿಂ should, we believe, be ತತ್ಸೇವನೆಯಂ, which preserves the dosham exemplified, the wrong collocation of words and phrases.

(v) p. 23, st. 114, lines 3,4 –
ವಚನಮೇಕ ಬಹುಕ್ರಮದಿಂದೆರಟ್ಟಿಱ ।

ಕ್ಯಾರಯೆ ಪೇೞ್ವೆಂ….॥

Here is an attempt at emendation which sacrifices the metre and misses the point of the illustration.

Mr. Pathak has:

ಅ ರ್ಪಿ ಬಾ ।

ರದೆ ಪೋದೆಯೊಳೇ ॥

which seems to be nearer the text. This is an interesting stanza and we shall give the readings of the two editions and our own suggestion.

Mr. Pathak:

ಸಾಸುಗೆತ್ತು ಬಗೆಯಾದವನಾನೋ 1ಡಲ2ಟ್ಟಿದೇ
ನಾದ ಮಾನು ಮಟಿಮಾನಸನಾಗದೆ ಮಾಳದೊಳ್
ಮೋದದಾನುವ ಸೀರೆಗಮೆನ್ನನ, ರ್ಪಿ ಬಾ
ರದೆ ಪೋದೆಡೆಯೊಳೇ ತಡೆದಾನವನೆಂದಪೆಂ.

––––––

1A ನೋಡ. 2A and c ನಟ್ಟಿದೆ.

Messrs. Venkata Rao and Sesha Alyangar:

ಸಾದುಗತ್ತು ಬಗೆಯಾಸವನಾನೊಡನಚ್ಚಿದೆ
ನಾದಮಾನುಮಟಿ ಮಾನಸನಾಗದೆ ಮಾಳದೊಳ್
ಮೋದದಿಂ ನುಡವ ಸೀರೆಗೆ ಮನ್ನನದಿರ್ಪಿ ಬಾ (ರದೆ!)
ಪೋದೆ (ನಾಯೆ)ಎಡಯೊಳ(ಂ) ತಡೆದಾನಚನಂದಮಂ.

The true reading probably is:

ಸಾದುಗೆತ್ತು ಬಗೆಯಾದವನಾನೊಡನಟ್ಟಿದೇ
ನಾದಮಾನುಮಟಿಮಾನಸನಾಗದೆ ಮಾಳದೊಳ್
ಮೋದದಾನುಡುವ ಸೀರೆಗಮೆನ್ನನದಿರ್ಪಿ ಬಾ
ರಾದೆ ಪೋದೆಡೆಯೊಳೇ ತಡೆದಾನವನೆಂದಪಂ.

It is apparently though that no quotations from previous literature are to be found in this work (preface p.22), the quotations under prasa, etc., being interpolations (footnote, p. 22). But it has to be noticed that one merit in Kannada Lakshanagranthas is a careful and meticulous use of quotations from older writers by way of illustrations to rules and ‘Nripatunga’, whoever he is, is no exception. In the stanza under reference, the writer is giving an instance of one of two errors mentioned in st.127; that of using a Guru where a Laghu ought to be and vice versa. In stanza 128, he gives example of ಗೌರವದೋಷ, making a syllable long where it should be short. These are: ಬಗೆಯಾದೆ for ಬಗೆಯದೆ. ಅವನಾನ್ for ಅವನನ್, ಅಟ್ಟಿದೇನ್ for ಅಟ್ಟಿದೆನ್, ಬಾರಾದೆ (the true reading, which satisfies the metre) for ಬಾರದೆ (which is the corrupt reading, apparently corrected by a copyist), ತಡೆದಾನ್ for ತಡೆದನ್. These, especially the negative forms of the verb, are taken even by the author of *Kavirajamarga* as errors, and as objectionable,

when really the negative forms were the older forms found in inscriptions and nearer the Tamil forms which still persist to our own days. The older form in the accusative is noted by Kesiraja: Sutra 118, example: ತನತ್ತು ಬಿಲ್ಲಾನದನನ್ತೆ ಕೀಸುವಂ, (Kittel, p. 143; Parishad, p. 103; Nripatunga himself in II: 15, 16, 17, 362; See also II: 104, p. 54). That of the first person singular verb occurs in *Kabbigara kava of* Andayya---ತನಿವಣ್ಣಂ ಲಂಚಂಮೀವೆಂ ಪುರುಳಿ...ಮೆಲ್ಲೊಗ್ಗೆಯಂ ಮಾಣದೆಂದುಂ । ನೀನಗೀವೇನಂಚೆ (st. 318)—corrected in a manuscript into ಈವೆಂ ಪಂಸೆ—but recorded by Bhattakalanka under Sutra 442. ಏನೋದೀರ್ಘಲಮಪಿ ಕೇಚಿದಿಚ್ಛಂತಿ : ತನಿವಣ್ಣಂ...ನೀನಗೀವೇನಂಚೆ...The negative form of the verb with the long ಆ however, seems to have become obsolete early. A curious tracer of this is preserved in Kesiraja: (one wishes the full stanza had been kept in tact) Sutra 61 Kittel (p, 70; Parishad, pp.48,49). ಬಗೆವೊಡಮಿನಿಸಿನಿಸಿರ ಅದೆ. ಇರ ಅದೆ, ಇರಾದೆ, ಇರದೆ. It is not obviously possible to go further into this question in the course of a review.

(vii) p. 30, st. 145, ಪ್ರತಿಜ್ಞೆಯುನೆತಿರ್ದು should perhaps be ತೀರ್ಚು.

(viii) p. 36, st. 19, line 4 ಓಸಱಿಸುವುದೆ should be ಓಸರಿಸುವುದು. Similarly p. 42, st. 48,line 3, ಒಂದೊದರೊಳ್ should be ಒಂದೊಂದಱೊಳ್ and p.60 st.145, ನೀಟ್ಟಿ should be ನೀಳ್ಚ. These have not been corrected in the corrigenda and we regret to say that we have noticed similar slips regarding and in the editions of *Santi Purana* and *Rasa Ratnakara.*

(ix) p. 38,st. 26 line 3, ಪುಲಿ should be ಬಲಿ.

(x) p. 42, st. 46 line 2, ತಱಿಸಲಾರ್ಗಂ for read ತಱಿಸಲಲಾರ್ಗಂ .

(xi) p. 44, st. 55 line 4, ತದ್ಭವದೊಳ್, we suspect the correct reading is ತದ್ದ್ವಯದೊಳ್ cp. Stanza 51 above and 60 below. This is a phrase which the editors have also pressed into service for their theory about the author and nature of *Kavirajamarga,* p. viii.

(xii) p. 52, st. 99 line 4, ಪ್ರಶಾಂತದಿಂ should clearly be ಪ್ರಶಾಂತದಾ.

(xiii) p. 53, st. 104 line 2, ಅನಂತಸುಖ is surely ಅನಂಗಸುಖ. See st. 106, line 2.

(xiv) p. 62, st. 155, line 4, should not ಆಯ್ದುವರಿಂ be ಆಯ್ದುವಱಿಂ?

(xv) p. 62, st. 155, line 4, ಶ್ರೀ ವಿಜಯಪ್ರಭೂತಮುದಮಂ. This is an important passage on which the authorship of the work has been discussed, but the editors quote this in their preface as ಶ್ರೀ ವಿಜಯಪ್ರಭೂತಮನಿದಂ p. ix). Agin, their reading of ಕ [ವೀಶ್ವರಂ] calls for explanation, as Mr. Pathak reads ಕವೀಶ್ವರಂ without any readings from mss.

(xvi) p. 89, st. 133, line 2, ನುಡಿವುತ್ತಿರಿಂ should be ನುಡಿಯುತ್ತಿರಿಂ.

(xvii) p. 90, st. 134, line 1, ಕೆಳದಿಯಮಭಿಮತ should be ಕೆಳದಿಯನಭಿಮತ…..

(xviii) pp. 109-110, stanzas 232-236. We agree with the foot-note that these are either displaced from chapter II or interpolated. They should be omitted from the present place. The remark in prose ಈ ನಾಲ್ಕುಂ ಬೇಱೆ ಅನ್ಯಮಾರ್ಗಲಕ್ಷಣಂ seems to imply that these have been interpolated from another work on rhetoric or prosody. No such prose sentence occurs in the body of the work elsewhere.

Into the vexed question of the authorship of *Kavirajamargam* we do not propose to go at any length, but refer the interested reader to the arguments and counter-arguments, involved interpretations and mistaken indentities, clever inferences and tangle of surmises contained in (1) the introduction to *Kavirajamarga* by Mr. Pathak (1898), (2) two articles on Amoghavarsha I as a patron of literature (p.197) and Kavisvara's *Kavirajamarga, (p.258)* in the *Indian Antiquary,* Vol. xxxiii, 1904, (3) the discussion under Kavirajamarga by the profound veteran scholar Rao Bahadur Praktanavimarsa Vichakshana R. Narasimhachar in his *Kavi chirite* Vol. 1, (1907, see p. 19, Revised Edition, 1924), (4) the article ಕವಿರಾಜಮಾರ್ಗ ಗ್ರಂಥದ ಕರ್ತೃವು ಯಾರು? By Sriman Narayana Srinivasa Raja Purohit in *Karnataka Sahitya Parishad Patrike* Vol. VI (1921-22) pp. 96-113, and (5) ಪತ್ರವ್ಯವಹಾರ pp. 63-68 and 266-294, the last by Prof. T.S. Venkannaiya in which the whole question is thrashed out carefully with all the materials available and the conclusion is arrived at that Srivijaya is the author. Briefly stated, the results are that Messrs. Rice, Pathak and Rajapurohit are for Nripatunga, Dr. Fleet for Kavisvara, and Professors T.S. Venkannaiya and A.R.Krishna Sastry for Srivijaya, a court-poet of Nripatunga.

The present editors have a thesis of their own, compounded of all these views. It is that Shrivijaya wrote a *Kavimargam* (according to Durgasimha), and that his dispel Kavisvara adopted the work, added some stanzas and illustrations and called it *Kavirajamagragm* and ascribed it to his royal patorn Nripathunga. We have carefully scrutinised every argument advanced in the preface in the and must frankly confessed that they are not convincing. No fresh or reliable evidence of any kind is adduced, but assumptions are freely made in support of and arbitrary conclusion reached by them.

For there is no evidence for the assumptions that Srivijaya was the guru of Kavisvara (ix, xii) or that Ponna referes to Kavisvara in his gibe at poetasters who make a rehash of other's works--"ಎಸೆಯದೆ ಪೂಟ್ಟು ಕೆಟ್ಟ ಪಱಗಬ್ಬಮನಾವಗಮೆಮ್ಮವೆಂದು ಬಾಜಿಸಿ ಪೆಱರ್ಗಿತ್ತು...?" (xviii). And if Srivijaya's work was not current and was buried and lost, how did Durgasimha and Kesiraja know the work? If it was current and well known, how dare Kavisvara offer this stale dish to his imperial patron as his work and even try to pass it off as the emperor's own production? And was Srivijaya a comtemporary of Nripatunga? (vii) and did he write a panegyric on Nripatunga? (vii) Do the phrases ಪರಮ ಕವೀಶ್ವರರ್ ಅಕೃತಕಾಚಾರ್ಯ ಪರರ್, ಪರಮಕವಿವೃಷಭರ್ಕಳ್, in their context refer to poets in general or to Srivijaya only? (viii) How can ತದ್ in ತದ್ಭವದೊಳ್ refer to "ಆ ಕವಿಮಾರ್ಗ"? (viii) Are we sure of the reading? Why is the last line of the last stanza of the second parichheda misquoted as 'ಶ್ರೀ ವಿಜಯಪ್ರಭೂತಮನಿದಂ?' "(ಮುದಮಂ) ತನಗಾಗಿಸಿದೊಂ ಕವೀಶ್ವರಂ"? (ix) Kesiraja gives the names of a number of celebrated poets as sources of his ಲಕ್ಷ್ಯs and adds there are other famous poets he has quoted. One such is Ranna, another Nagavarma and yet another may be Nripatunga. He is not mentioning Lakshanikas at all but poets and Srivijaya may have been mentioned here for his *Chandra-prabhapurana.* The argument from silence (vi) is not a convincing one. Durgasimha's phrase 'ಶ್ರೀ ವಿಜಯರ ಕವಿಮಾರ್ಗಂ *may* refer to his poetic manner and style, and not to any

work on ಮಾರ್ಗ. Seeing that we have not got this ಕವಿಮಾರ್ಗ the exact process of adaptation detailed on p. xi would be a very fascinating study indeed. On pp. xiv-xv, we are treated to speculations as to Nripatunga's mastery of the Kannada language, his disquisitions on the Alankaras to court pandits and the possibility of a Sanskrit work by him called "Nripatungadevamarga"; "ಇರಬಹುದು…ಇರಬಹುದು…ಇರಬಹುದು"; "ಆದರೆ ಈ ಊಹೆಗೆ ಇನ್ನೂ ಅಷ್ಟು ಪ್ರಬಲ ಕಾರಣಗಳು ದೊರೆತಿಲ್ಲ" (xv).

In the absence of real evidence or even of definite clues, we are not inclined to speculate in the matter of authorship but after reading all the literature on the subject we cannot help feeling that "Kavisvara" is a mere phantom and Durgasimha's "ಕವಿಮಾರ್ಗಂ" a delusive phrase. Srivijaya seems to be the only true begetter, if even he does not some day dissolve into a title of Nripatunga, the Parama Sarasvati Tirthavatara and author of Prasnothara malika. Kavirajamarga is not a wonderful masterpiece in either matter or style, and there have been royal authors now in the world's history and Indian annals before. Tradition and Bhattakalanka may yet stand justified when better manuscripts without gaps at a decisive place (III. 217-230) are forthcoming.

[Editors: A Venkata Rao and H. Shesha Aiyangar, Pb: University Oriental Rsearch Institute, Madras; *The Quarterly Journal of the Mythic Society,* Vol. XXIII-iii, January 1933]

RAMANAVAMI

"T is my delight" (said Wordsworth) "alone in summer shade to pipe a simple song for thinking hearts."

Such a song has Srinivasa piped in *Ramanavami* steeped in Valmiki and brooding over the *Ramayana* as it lives in popular imagination with the simple faith that Rama and Sita and Lakshmana visited every village and wood and hill and stream in India, our new Valmiki touches this faith with the tenderness of a modern believer who sees deeper than the mere scoffing of a dry rationalist.

Here sat Sitadevi
　　Here Ramachandra
Stood by her side; there Lakshmana
　　Full of all goodness true.

So begins this lovely idyll. The poet meets the peasant—an oldman, who, on the birthday of Rama, expects to see the divine trio, as he believes his forefathers saw them under that basisi tree. The divine is seen and felt in terms of the human, the simple human life of the simple village folk. Rama chaffs and teases Sita as a village lad might play with his lass. (We get this too at the end). On the birthday (in the Ramayana) Sita looked and blessed the basisi tree for its shade and made it immortal: it is the same tree, this one why not? asks the poet, thinking of the spirit of truth in the heart's affections and imaginations:

ಕಾಂಬೆನೆ ಸೀತಾರಾಮ ಲಕ್ಷ್ಮಣರ

ಒಂದಿಗೆ ಮೂವರನು?
ಎಂದಿಗೆ ಕಾಂಬೆನೊ ನಂಬಿದ ನನ್ನ
ಬಾಳಿನ ದೇವರನು!
ಕಾಣಲೆಬೇಕೆಂಬಾಗ್ರಹ ಕೂಡದು;
ಕಂಡರೆ ಬಹು ಒಳಿತು;
ಕಾಣದೆ ಇರಲೂ ಸಮ; ನೆನೆ ಅವರನು
ಮೌನದಲ್ಲಿ ಕುಳಿತು

ಗೌಡನ ಮಾತನು ಕೇಳುತ ನಾನು
ತಗ್ಗಿನ ಮರದಡಿಗೆ
ಕಂಡೆನಿಬ್ಬರನು; ಹುಡುಗ ನಿಂತಿಹನು
ಕುಳಿತಿರುವಳು ಹುಡುಗಿ
ಸೀತಾರಾಮರೆ ಬಂದರೋ ಹೇಗೆ?
ತುಡಿಯಿತು ನನ್ನ ಎದೆ
ಬಾರರೇತಕೆ, ಮುದುಪನ ಮೆಚ್ಚಿ
ತುಂಬಲು ಕಣ್ಣ ಬೆದೆ?

When Shall I see Sita, Rama, Lakshmana
Together, oh, all three?
Oh, when shall I see my life's dear God
In whom I so believe!
Donot insist that you must see;
'Tis well if you do see;
Well, too, if you do not; think of them
Sitting quietly.

Hearing the words of the peasant, I
Beneath the tree in the hollow
Saw two; the boy was standing;
Sitting, the girl.
What! Have Sita and Rama come?
Throbbed my heart!
Why not? with the Oldman pleased,
To fill his hungry eyes?

That gives us the essence of the situation. The poet and the peasant are blended into one spiritual vision and the young ones are transfigured: God and man are one

ದೇವರೆ ನಿಜ; ಹೆತ್ತಾತನು ಎದುರಲಿ
ಆ ದಿನ ರಾಮನಿರೆ
ಮಗನನು ಕಂಡನು ದೇವರ ಕಾಣನು
ಮಾಯೆಗೆ ನಾವಿದರೆ?

ಮಗನಲಿ ದೇವರ ಕಾಣುವ ಪುಣ್ಯ
    ಅಯೋಧ್ಯ ದಶರಥಗೇ
ಇಲ್ಲದೆ ಹೋಯಿತು; ಬಹುದೆ ನನಗೆ? ಆ
    ನುಡಿ ಸರಿ. ಬರಿ ಕತೆಗೆ
ಮಗನಲಿ ದೇವರ ಕಾಣುವ ಮುನ್ನ
    ಹರಿಯಬೇಕು ಮಮತೆ;
ಮುಕ್ತಿಯ ನೆಲೆಯನು ಮುಟ್ಟದೆ ಮನುಜಗೆ
    ನಿಲುಕದು ಆ ಸಮತೆ.

‘T was God indeed; but the father, in front
    When Rama stood that day,
Saw only the son and not the God;
    Illusion who can pierce?
The bliss of seeing God in the son
    Even Ayodhya Dasaratha
Had not; will it come to me?
    That is good in a mere tale
Before we can see the God in the son
    Attachment-bonds must break;
Until man touches the heights of Mukti
    That oneness he cannot attain.

Lovely, isn’t it? The deep feeling, the lilt of the verses, the simple words, the well of Kannada widefield! Look at the homely similies and metaphors, the exquisite felicity of the pictures of nature and man:

ಹವಳ ಅವಳ ಬಾಯಿ
ವನಸಂಚಾರ ಆಟದ ಕೈಚೆಂಡೆ?
ದೇವರ ಆಟದ ಮನೆ ಈ ಲೋಕ—
    ಸಿಲುಕನು ಬಹುಕಳ್ಳ
    ದೇವಿಯ ನುಡಿಯೆಲ್ಲಾಗೆ ಆರದ ಹೊಸಜೇನು
    ಮುಳ್ಳಲಿ ಹರಹಿದ ಒಲ್ಲಿಯ ತೆರದಲಿ
    ನೊಂದಳು ನನ್ನಮ್ಮ
    ಹೊಡೆಯಿತೆ ನರಕ, ನೀಡಿತೆ ನಾಕ,
    ಒಂದೇ ಈ ಬಲಗೈ.

That will do by way of quotation; else, one will have to quote everything.

“ನಾನೆ ಆದೆ ಜನಕ”, I became Janaka, says the poet in his fine frenzy: the peasant, his son and daughter-in-law becoming Dasaratha, Rama, Sita. May we not accept this as really true? He is Abhinava Kumara Valmiki and Janaka in one. With responsibilities of high office, is it not our goodfortune that such a pious, tender, sweet

and homely singer can find time to toudh our life and language with real and romantic beauty? Long may the muses tend him—"So much to do, so little done"—as he constantly murmurs: may Sri Rama give him the attainment he seeks!

[Author: Srinivasa (Masti Venkatesha Iyengar), Pb: Bangalore Press; *The Triveni Quarterly,* Vol. XIV, 1942]

MANORAMA

I have read with much pleasure Mr. N. Narayana Rao's romantic play, *Manorama.* The story moves swiftly, the scenes are skillfully diversified, the dialogue is crisp and clear and the diction easy and well chosen. Refreshingly absent are the usual flowers and fireworks of speech and the roses and raptures of 'sentiment', No one, except the melancholy Jaques, can deny applause to the omniscient tricks of Devadatta, the lovely constancy of Manorama and the loyal affections of Vasantasena to his three fair charmers, won before the play is done. And it bubbles over with songs, too. Quite a joyous comedy, and one which we must all like specially on the boards.

[Foreword written to Nagavara Narayana Rao's *Manorama; pb: Bangalore Press, 1931]*

MYSORE MEYSIRI

I have glanced through *Mysore Meysiri* composed by the learned Pandit M.R.Ry.T.Srinivasarangacharya of the Training College, Mysore. He belongs to a respectable family of Pandits connected with the Palace at Mysore. The work is a laudable attempt to combine the old principles and manner of literature with modern facts and ideas. The style is in old Kannada which is free and easy to read, fluent, and not overloaded with sanskritised diction. In the course of the poem the Pandit deals with the beauties of the cities of Mysore and Bangalore and other beauty-spots in the districts. A sympathetic appreciation of the various classes and their philosophies and religions is a welcome feature of the work. The hero of the poem is most appropriately. H. H. the Maharaja of Mysore, the well known Raja Rishi of India. In heartfelt verses the writer expounds the breadth of vision, the liberal minded policy and the constant devotion of our Soveregin to the spiritual, intellectual and material progress of his subjects. Every patriotic Kannadiga will be delighted to read this poem.

[From T. Srinivasa Rangacharya's *Mysore Meysiri* or *Sri Nalvadi Krishnarajendra Mahime,* Mysore, 1933]

SRI VANIVILASA MAHASANNIDHANA CHARITAM

My dear Mr. Basavalingayya,

Allow me to congratulate you on your nice poetical chronicle of the eight years happy reign of Her Highness the Maharani Sri Vanivilasa Maha Sannidhana, C.I. I very much appreciate the skill with which you have marshalled in such a succinct and yet effective manner the leading incidents in the life of the heroine and also the many beneficial acts of administration on which she had set her heart for the all-round upliftment of the people of Mysore. The easy and subdued tone of the style you have chosen is quite in keeping with the historical and biographical narration you have in view. Avoiding all fanciful fireworks and tedious bombast, you have kept to the straight road of a simple and elegant diction, adorned at appropriate places with many a quiet touch of dignified phrase and beauty of rhythm and rhyme. The character sketches of the august personages of the Royal family are excellent. I have great pleasure in giving you my blessing as your old teacher and I dare say my friend Raja-Kavibhushana Lingaraje Urs, from whom you have derived your inspiration is immensely gratified at the success you have achieved. Trusting to have from your pen many more delightful pieces.

Yours'

[From M.S.Basavalingayya's *Sri Vani Vilasa Mahasannidhana Charitam,* Mysore, 1934]